

The Sketch

No. 1010.—Vol. LXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1912.

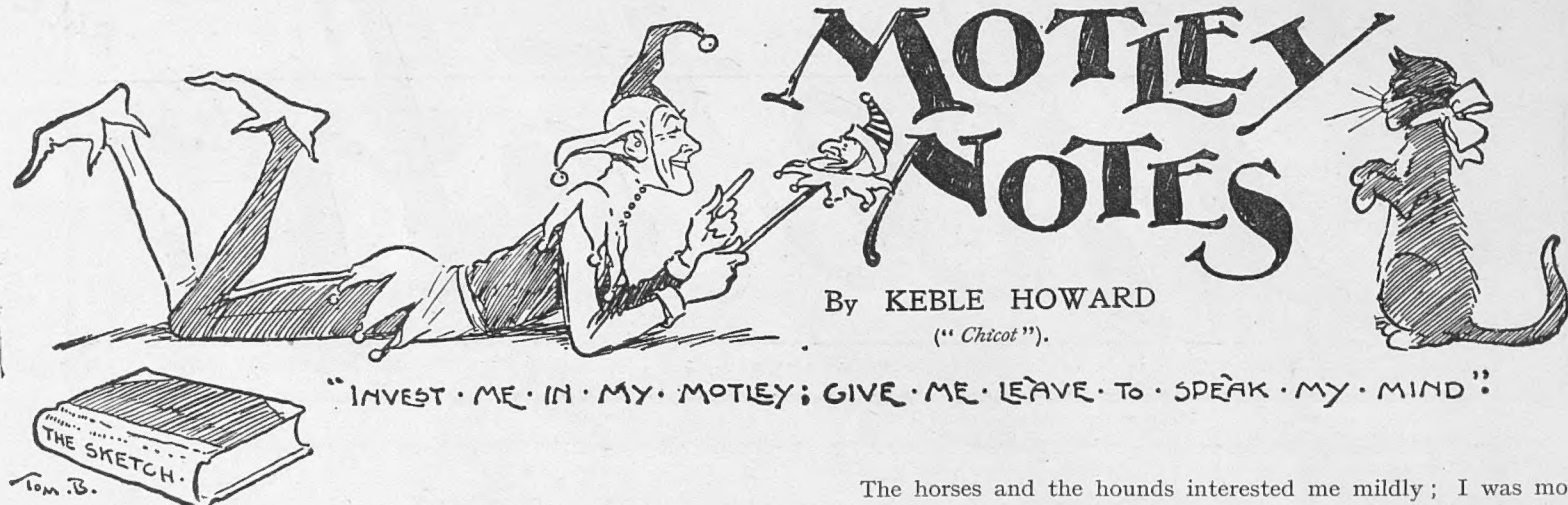
SIXPENCE.



THE STAGE AS A "CURE": MISS MABEL RUSSELL, WHO HAS TAKEN TO ACTING AGAIN, FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER NERVES, AND IS APPEARING AS JOLAN IN "GIPSY LOVE," AT DALY'S.

Miss Mabel Russell is making her reappearance on the stage in the new musical comedy at Daly's. Some while ago, it will be recalled, her husband, Mr. Stanley Rhodes, and herself met with a motor accident, in which she was seriously injured and in which Mr. Rhodes was killed. Miss Russell has been advised by her doctor to take up her profession again, as it is believed that the excitement of acting will be of great benefit to her nerves.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



Fluster in the Farmyard.

I note with, I hope, pardonable glee that the literary chatsmen are still concerning themselves with Mr. Balfour's shocking plea for more cheerful literature. Naturally, the speech fell like a bomb-shell among the "advanced intellectuals," who are always terrified of a big name and a big reputation. In reality, of course, Mr. Balfour merely repeated what a few small people, such as myself, have been saying for years and years. Pessimism in literature is nothing more or less than a literary trick—unless the writer really has a morbid outlook on life. In nine cases out of ten, he hasn't. He makes his hero or his heroine die or go mad or something of the sort because he knows very well that it is the habit of the modern critic, as a rule, to praise pessimism and dismiss the more cheerful book with a paragraph. Your pessimistic novelist of to-day is no fool. He has discovered that pessimism makes for reputation. Meet him in private life, and he will enjoy a steak, and a glass of port, and a good joke with anybody. He, in common with us all, is determined to make the very best of life, and he thinks that the way for him to make the best of life is to put a lot of people into a book who have a particularly and an artificially rotten time. Once upon a time, the so-called "sad" book didn't sell, and the authors of such books were praised to the heavens for daring to write books that wouldn't sell. That is all changed. Make your sad people naughty and melodramatic; then all is well.

What We Really Want.

There is sadness enough, if you want sadness, in the fluster raised by Mr. Balfour's speech. The sadness is in the cause of the fluster. It is sad that people should have to be told by Mr. Balfour that deliberate pessimism is bad art before they will believe the statement. It is sad to think that we are as sheepish as ever, unable to take a step without a leader.

If Mr. Balfour had not been Mr. Balfour, his opinion on this subject would have attracted no more attention than mine or yours, friend the reader. But because he is a famous politician, it is quite likely that his speech will cause a revolution in the public taste. This is sad—not the revolution, but the cause. I welcome the revolution, but I wish the public had discovered for themselves that the mysterious class of persons whose acquaintance they make through the public libraries, and whose lives are so different from their own, exist only in the imaginations of the popular pessimists.

There is not a single street in the British Isles, whatever the prevailing conditions of life in that street, which is not kept going, day after day, by the determination of the inhabitants to make the best of things. I have always maintained that the literature which denies the upward note is bad art. Only those who have never suffered could deny, in their hearts, that out of pain comes joy.

The "Horsy" Face.

Since writing the above, I have been spending a few hours at the Reigate Horse and Hound Show. I have seen splendid fellows in red coats leaping their horses over hurdles and water-jumps. I have seen dignified gentlemen in top hats driving four horses all at once round and round a field. I have seen ladies driving tiny ponies in tiny pony-carriages. I have seen very serious gentlemen awarding prizes to beagles. The band played, and an old sportsman in the centre of the course tootled away on a long horn, and the sun shone, and everybody had on something new, and all was gay. Why don't they put a scene like *that* into a book? If I had time, I'd do it myself.

The horses and the hounds interested me mildly; I was more interested in the "horsy" face. They all had it, from the stately people driving the coaches to the grooms displaying their pet beagles. You know the type of face—red, clean-shaven, with an upper lip that looks as if a very stiff moustache had just been taken off with a meat-saw. I cannot understand where they get it. It is not exactly a healthy face, and yet the owners of those faces look as though they would live for ever and nothing would ever hurt them. It is quite a different face from the sailor's face, or the soldier's, or the aviator's, or the motorist's, or the cab-driver's. Anyhow, it is a cheerful face, and that is the face that is coming once again into fashion.

The Joys of Nantucket.

The latest reply to my appeal for the perfect health-resort comes all the way from Nantucket, Mass. If you have faith in the circular, there is very little to choose between Nantucket and heaven. Listen—

"If you want to wander over beautiful hills and through charming valleys, by clear lakes and ponds and pretty farms, and among groves of little pine-trees; if you love the breath of the ocean and the song of meadow-larks, the unbroken glory of sunset and moon-rise and starlight, and the gold of the sand against the blue of sky and sea—come to Nantucket."

That's what I call a handsome tribute to Nantucket. Nothing mean or stingy about that. The man who wrote that little piece knew how to praise when he wanted to praise. He deserves to live in Nantucket himself, but I picture him a dreamy-eyed fellow, pale-faced and shabby, eating his heart out—No! That is the Wrong Stop! What a discord!

I am also offered a Flag Ship, "situated on Sankaty Bluff, Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Mass." There are ten rooms on this flagship, fully furnished, and the rent from June 1 to October 1 is only four hundred and fifty dollars. Fancy having a flagship all to yourself on Sankaty Bluff, Siasconset, for about four pounds ten shillings a week! Evidently, one knows nothing of the world unless one knows the glorious State of Massachusetts.

The Dove's Visit.

One of my daily papers has a pretty story of a young soprano living in a studio at Brook Green who has the power of attracting birds to her side. "When she sings, the birds come to the open window or door and break into song. One little robin became so tame that after a time he used to come into the room through the window and sit on a table till she had finished." The lady sang for the representative of the paper, but, most unfortunately, no birds actually came to the door, although "several were to be seen on the surrounding bushes and trees accompanying the song."

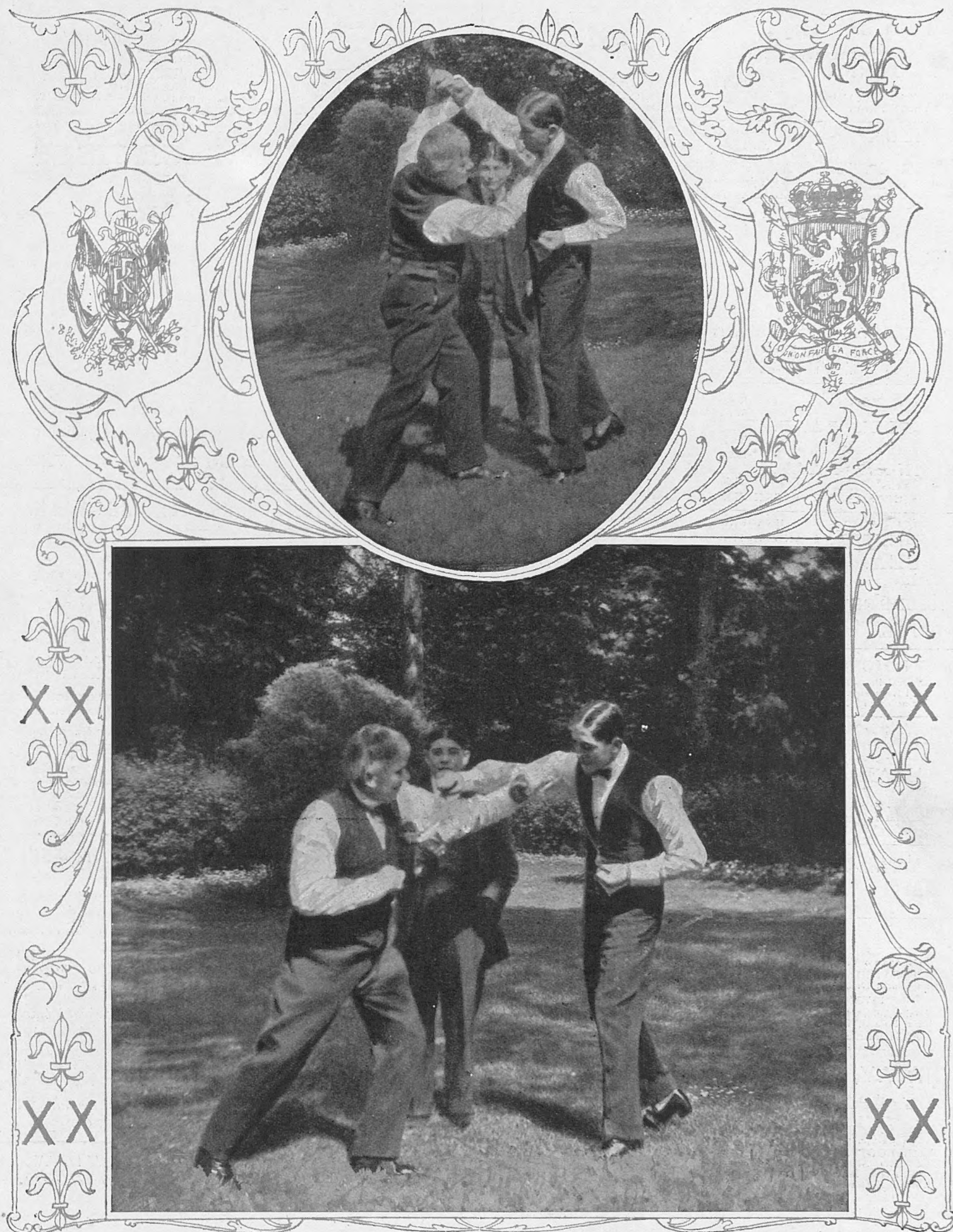
I have a companion story to this one. Yesterday, when I was writing in the studio of my country cottage, a sudden fluttering at the window caused me to look up from the paper. A dove had settled on the window-sill. Being always rather helpless in the presence of birds, I called for assistance. Whilst this was coming, the dove hopped from the window-sill to my writing-table and carefully examined my manuscript.

I wondered what would happen. If the dove flew away, I felt that I should never have the courage to write another line. But it remained. I approached it; still the little creature did not fly away. It even allowed me to take it up in my hands. Nothing will ever persuade me that that visit was pure chance. If any brother-writer has had a similar experience, I shall be interested to hear it.

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"SHAKESPEARE v. CHAMPION": MAETERLINCK AND CARPENTIER.



IS THE AUTHOR OF "THE BLUEBIRD," AND SO MANY OTHER FAMOUS WORKS, THE UNKNOWN BOXER, "X."

WHO IS TO MEET THE FRENCH CHAMPION? M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK BOXING WITH CARPENTIER.

It was announced the other day that M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous author who has been called "the Belgian Shakespeare," would box with Carpentier, the French champion, at the "Grande Soirée de Gala" organised for the benefit of the Orphanage of the Arts, by Mlle. Rachel Boyer. A prompt denial followed; but there are still those who think it possible that the unknown boxer "X," who is to meet Carpentier on the occasion in question, is none other than M. Maeterlinck. Colour is lent to this by the photographs here given, which show M. Maeterlinck practising boxing with Carpentier in Mlle. Boyer's garden at Neuilly. The French champion, interviewed recently, said: "Maeterlinck, although he is a writer, adores boxing, and he is very anxious to meet some professionals." It will be recalled that Byron and "Gentleman" Jackson boxed several times for charity at Jackson's school, headquarters of the Pugilistic Club. By the day these pictures are before the public the world will know whether Rumour lied or no; for the Gala is fixed for June 4—we write twenty-four hours ahead.

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ENTENTE OR ALLIANCE? BRITISH WEEK-ENDS FOR GERMANY; AND A ROYAL HENLEY.

France's Best Friends.

Turning out, this Whitsuntide, an old tin despatch-case which has accompanied me on many journeys, I came upon some little metal badges which for a moment puzzled me. Some of them were rough designs of a warship, others were medals, and all of them were flanked by the French and Russian flags, and had red, white, and blue ribbons. I had bought them, I remembered, at Marseilles, where they were being hawked in the streets, and they had been struck to commemorate the visit of the Russian Fleet to the South of France to return the French visit to Crimean ports on the occasion of the signing of the treaty of alliance between the two nations. Russia was then France's best friend.

When Britain was Unpopular.

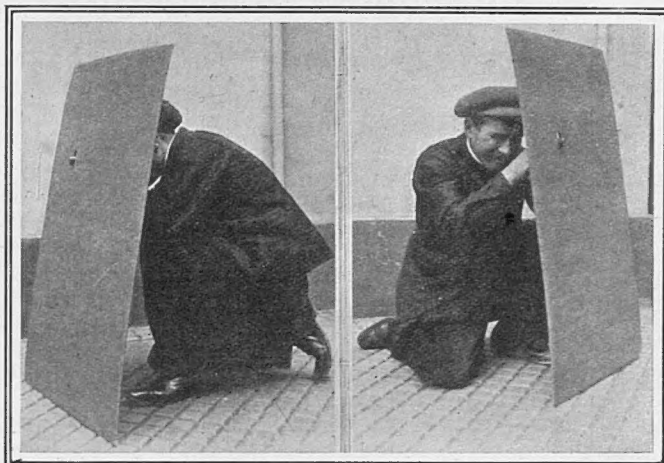
Great Britain was very much in France's bad books at that time, and, had I delayed my departure for Algeria, whither I was bound, for a day or two, I should have been one of the besieged passengers in the chief hotel in Marseilles. The mob assembled outside, the shutters and doors were shut, and the British in the hotel, most of whom had just arrived from the East on a P. and O., were warned that it was unsafe for them to go out into the streets. A quite frank Frenchman told me soon after, in Paris, that it was only the difficulty of distinguishing British from Americans that had preserved the former from some rough handling in the streets of the French capital.

How Times Have Changed.

The Boer War has been forgotten in France, and even the insulting caricatures of that period, which lingered long in some of the kiosks on the Boulevards, have disappeared. A street and little square built in honour of King Edward will soon be opened in Paris, the Entente is such an accomplished fact that no one talks about it, and it is quite possible that the Entente is now being changed into an Alliance. Such an alliance would not make any change in the peace relations between the two countries—the Briton will not be allowed to carry his cigarettes free across the Channel; but France would be entitled to ask very pertinent questions should any reductions be proposed in the strength of our Army and Navy. French strategists even now doubt whether our expeditionary force of 125,000 men is strong enough to take into consideration in case of a general European flare-up.

Britain's Icy Bosom.

And just at the moment that we are hesitating at the forking of the ways, Germany's finest statesman is coming amongst us as Ambassador, and his advent seems to be heralded by a little cold wind, for, under ordinary circumstances, no one in England would have taken any notice of the *gaucherie* of a Potsdam Town Councillor. We should be much surprised if Germany were annoyed supposing that a Windsor Town Councillor had alluded to Germany's mailed fist, and had been rebuked by the Mayor for his indiscretion. It might be that, if France and Britain were committed to each other for better or worse, the causes which have made Britain nervous and suspicious might die down.



FOR USE WHENEVER FRANCE INDULGES IN "SIDNEY STREET" SIEGES: A NEW SHIELD FOR POLICE, WITH A LOOPHOLE FOR THE OFFICER'S WEAPON.

The recent "Sidney Street" sieges in the neighbourhood of Paris, and particularly that in which Bonnot was the chief personage, and a hay-cart was used to cover the advance of the invaders, have brought into prominence once again the question of shields for police. Here is one example which is being tested across the Channel. It is of steel, and proved its value when Garnier and Vallet were besieged the other day.—[Photograph by Delius.]

A "British Week-End."

While all German institutions are being held up to us as being admirable it is satisfactory to find that in one matter the Germans intend to imitate us. There is an agitation in Berlin and some of the other great German cities to give the shop assistants a "British week-end." There is no Saturday half-holiday now for the German lad behind the counter, and the shops keep open winter and summer till eight on all week-days. The assistants ask that they shall be given a Saturday half-holiday, and that during the summer shops shall close at six p.m. Germany accepts the proposal as a happy thought, the railways are going to run week-end excursion trains to the mountains and forests and seas, and all that will remain to be done will be to teach the German men of the shop to play cricket, and to provide them with cricket-grounds and with lakes on which to row.

Royal Henley.

The royal barge, even now in the hands of a boat-builder at Henley, is to appear in all her glory of crimson and gold at the Regatta, and with the King and Queen afloat, and spectators of the racing, Henley will have the right to that adjective, "Royal," for which she longs. There should be a great increase in the number of house-boats which will lie alongside the bank below Phyllis Court. The royal barge will not be the only relic of the past splendours of the river at Henley, for one of the College



WHO SAYS THE BICYCLE IS LOSING ITS HOLD? MACHINES AT THE WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY SPORTS AT COOMBE PARK, COVENTRY.

There have been those daring enough to assert that the bicycle is losing its hold in consequence of the motor-car, and the greater general facilities for getting from one place to another. They have even assumed that before long a machine may find itself in the London Museum at Kensington Palace, in company with the hansom cab which has just been placed among the exhibits there. How far wrong these opinions are such a snap-shot as this proves. It is true that it was taken in the heart of bicycle-land; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that such a sight is by no means as uncommon as some think.—[Photograph by Topical.]

barges which is moored every year against the bank has in its day done its share in river pageantry. A British monarch will at Henley carry the arms of France on his escutcheon, for when William III. caused the present barge to be built for his Queen Mary, the Kings of England still claimed the sovereignty of France.

THE EQUINE VALHALLA: FAMOUS DERBY FAVOURITES AND THEIR RELICS.

AS the date of this issue coincides with Derby Day, it is appropriate to recall some of the famous winners of that classic race whose relics are now, as it were, in the Equine Valhalla.

The First Derby Winner.

The first Derby, that of 1780, was won by Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed, who secured for his owner the then record sum of £5423 in his third year. There is little left of the premier winner of the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, for in his twentieth year the veteran was sold for £52 10s.

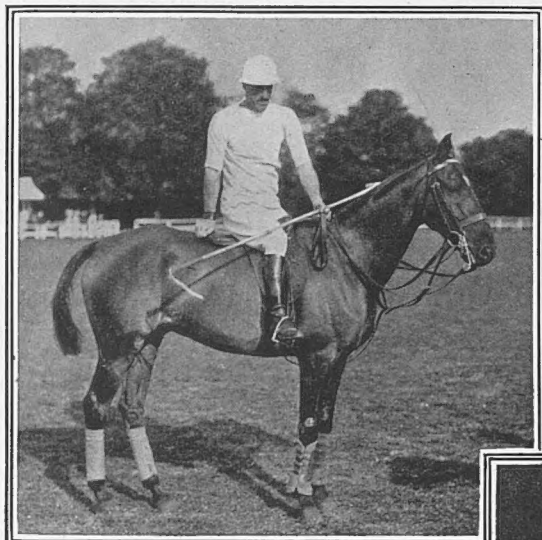
to a purchaser who bore him off to America. Diomed lived long enough to permit of his new master's selling him for a thousand guineas, and then he lay down and died. When the first Derby was run, so little did the cognoscenti think of the

Museum. Hermit, the winner of the snowstorm Derby of 1867, whose skeleton is preserved at the Veterinary College at Camden Town, was purchased by Mr. Chaplin for £1050, and in the race won for him something like £140,000. Prior to Hermit's Derby, there were ten false starts. The remains of Blink Bonny, the Derby and St. Leger winner of 1857, are preserved in the Museum at York, while the skeleton of Touchstone, another Leger winner, is set up at Eaton Hall. Apparently the bony cavity of the latter animal's skull appealed to a certain wren as a desirable dwelling-place, since for several years she built her nest in it.

"The Horse of the Century."

Mention of Bend Or naturally recalls the demise in 1904 of his famous son Ormonde, who was exiled to Buenos Ayres and afterwards sold to a San Francisco sportsman for £28,000. When Ormonde was overcome by paralysis his condition became so pitiful that he was mercifully destroyed. Many relics of the "horse of the century" have been preserved, his mane and tail being plaited into chains, while his hoofs were mounted, one at least in gold, and presented to various racing notabilities, including the heir of the late Duke of Westminster, who bred him. John Scott, the famous trainer, had the handle of a carving knife fashioned out of the shank-bone of Rowton, the Leger winner of 1829, but Ormonde's bones were gracefully returned by his American owner, Mr. Macdonough, to the land that gave him birth, and they are now to be seen in the Museum at South Kensington. Bay Middleton, who drank

the entire contents of a bucket of water left in his stall by a careless stable boy, who had been ordered to bathe his legs, a short time before the Derby of 1836 was won by him, lies buried at Danebury, Stockbridge. Donovan, the winner of the Derby of 1899, who was killed in 1905 in order to put him out of his misery when he dashed into a tree, has contributed in several ways to the equine reliquary. The head of the winner of £55,153 in stake-money in two years was presented to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where the head of King Edward's steeplechaser, Ambush II., is also to be found, together with the skeleton of Persimmon, the horse



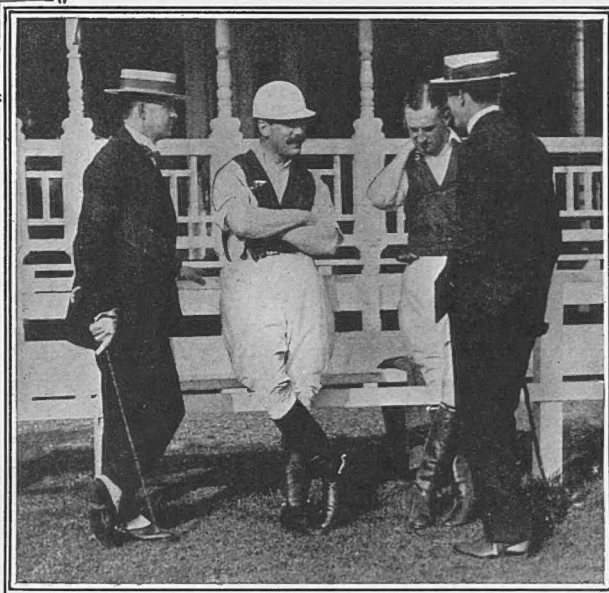
A QUIDNUNC: THE DUKE OF PENARANDA.

The Duke of Penaranda played for the Quidnuncs against the 11th Hussars in the second round of the Whitney Cup at Hurlingham recently. The Hussars won by 9 goals to 7. Hernando, fifteenth Duke of Penaranda, who was born at Madrid in 1882, is a brother of Jacobo Stuart Fitz-James, Duke of Berwick and of Alba.—[Photograph by C.N.]

event that it was thought advisable to strengthen the day's sport by arranging a cock-fight. Obviously, therefore, Diomed in 1780 did not earn a tithe of the kudos that a Derby-winner of to-day receives, which perhaps accounts for the fact that his owner parted with him for so low a figure. If he had shot the poor horse in place of selling him, he, or his descendants, would have made considerably more out of the relics. The skeleton of the famous Eclipse, the sire of a long line of Derby winners, for instance, was sold as long ago as 1860 to Professor Gamgee for one hundred guineas, and without doubt that of the first Derby winner would have been at least as valuable. The skeleton of Eclipse is now preserved at the College of Veterinary Surgeons in Red Lion Square. William IV. had one of his hoofs mounted in gold and placed in the centre of a gold salver on a gold pedestal. This relic was presented by the Sailor King to the Jockey Club in 1832, and for several years served as a challenge trophy competed for by members of the club. It has been recently joined by a hoof of St. Simon, whose progeny have already won half-a-million in stakes. This, mounted as an inkstand, was presented to the club by the Duke of Portland. The rest of St. Simon's skeleton was set up recently at Welbeck, his home for many years.

The "Coughing Pony's" Tomb.

"The Coughing Pony," as Amato, the winner of the only race in which he was entered during his career, was styled, lies buried in the grounds of The Durdans, Lord Rosebery's Epsom seat. A heavy stone slab records the age of the Derby winner of 1838, and an ornamental iron railing surrounds the last resting-place of the winner of one of the most sensational Derbys on record. The grave of Amato is never likely to be disturbed for the reason which caused the disinterment of Bend Or at Eaton Hall a few years ago, when the head of that famous sire was removed to the South Kensington Natural History



THE BATH CLUB'S BACK: LORD DALMENY TALKING TO "PLUM" WARNER (THE LEFT-HAND FIGURE) AT HURLINGHAM.

In the final of the Social Clubs' Cup the Argentine Club beat the Bath Club by 10 goals to 6. Lord Dalmeny played back in the Bath Club team.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

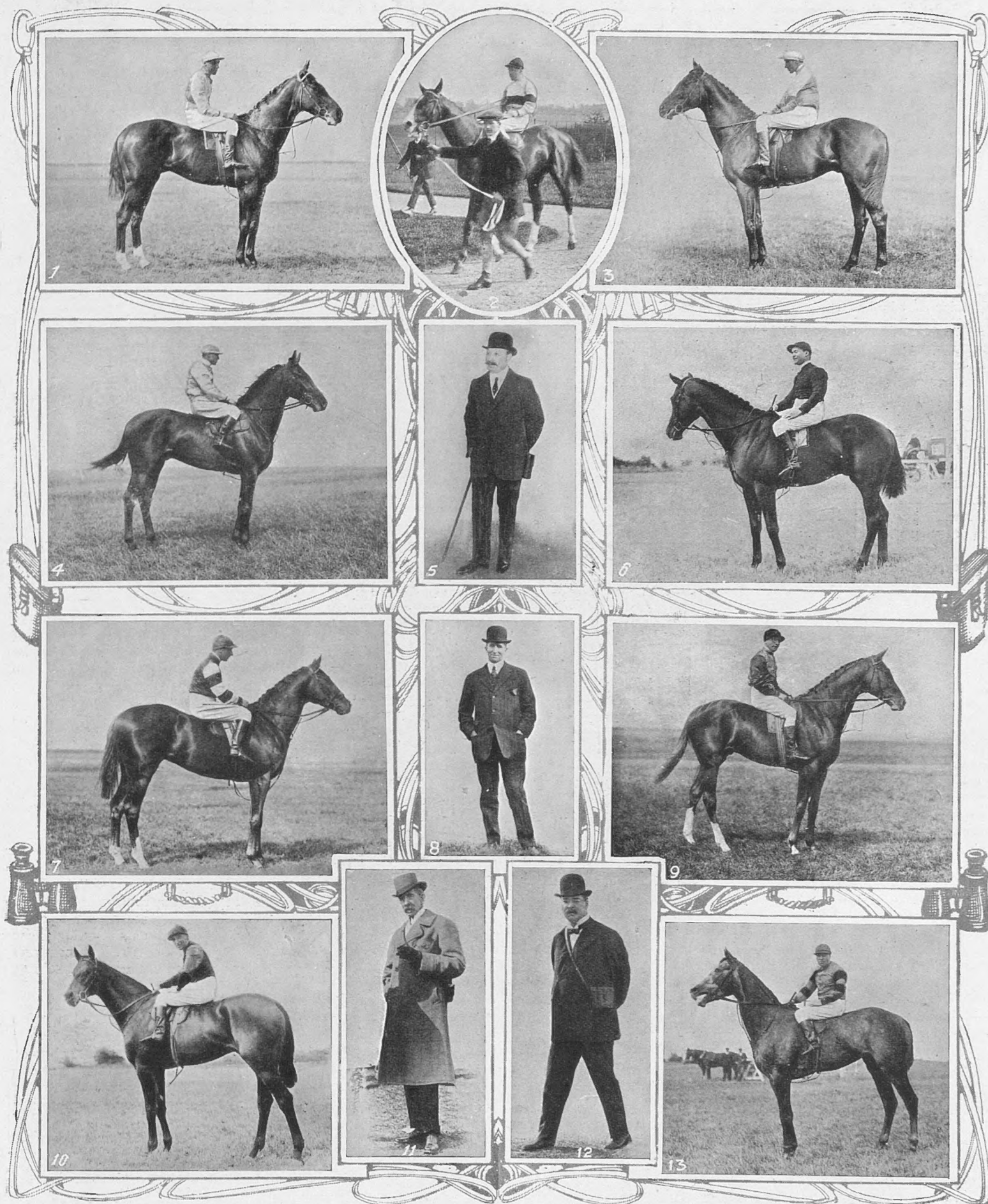
that won stakes amounting to £34,706 in seven races for his late Majesty, and that of Ayrshire, the Derby winner of 1888. The major portion of the remains of Ambush II. are to be found erected on an ebony base in the Veterinary School at Liverpool University, not far from the scene of its great Grand National triumph of 1900. There also are the vertebrae of Mr. Bulteel's famous steeplechaser Manifesto, the winner of the great event in 1897 and 1899. Donovan's hide, it is alleged, was converted into a chair-covering, while his hoofs were mounted as inkstands.



A WELL-KNOWN HURLINGHAM POLO-PLAYER: LORD TWEEDMOUTH.

Lord Tweedmouth, who is a well-known figure on the polo-ground at Hurlingham, was born in 1874, and succeeded his father as the third Baron three years ago. In the South African War he served with the composite regiment of Household Cavalry from 1899 to 1902. He is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King.—[Photograph by C.N.]

WHAT HAVE YOU BACKED? THE RACE ON WHICH ALL BET. THE DERBY OF 1912: ENTRANTS AND OWNERS.



1. MR. C. BOWER ISMAY'S HALL CROSS; DESMOND—ALTESSE.
2. MR. J. BUCHANAN'S JINGLING GEORDIE; BY SANTRY—MERANGUE.
3. MR. E. HULTON'S LOMOND; BY DESMOND—LOWLAND AGGIE.
4. SIR ERNEST CASSEL'S CYLGAD; BY CYLLENE—GADFLY.
5. OWNER OF WHITE STAR: MR. J. JOEL.
6. MR. J. JOEL'S WHITE STAR; BY SUNDRIDGE—DORIS.
7. MR. H. B. DURYEA'S SWEEPER II.; BY BROOMSTICK—RAVELLO II.

8. OWNER OF SWEEPER II.: MR. H. B. DURYEA.
9. HIS MAJESTY'S PINTADEAU; BY FLORIZEL II.—GUINEA HEN.
10. MR. L. BRASSEY'S CATMINT; BY SPEARMINT—RED LILY.
11. OWNER OF JINGLING GEORDIE: MR. J. BUCHANAN.
12. OWNER OF TAGALIE: MR. W. RAPHAEL.
13. MR. W. RAPHAEL'S TAGALIE; BY CYLLENE—TAGALE.

The Derby is like no other horse-race in the world. First and foremost, it is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf; secondly, it may be described as the one event of the year's season about which practically everyone has a bet. Even those who would scorn to have a "bit on" under ordinary circumstances break their rule in favour of this "classic," though it may be only to the extent of buying a ticket for a Derby sweepstake.—[Photographs by Sport and General and Illustrations Bureau.]



CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

FOR SALE THE inhabitants of the tin tabernacles behind the Tate Gallery hope to let us have some of the volumes about the last Census by the end of July. If they hustle a bit they may be able to empty their last waste-paper basket in time to sweep up for the next Census.

"The Perambulators gained an easy victory at Cambridge," says a cricket reporter. So they do opposite the ladies' fashion-shops any day in the week.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein is producing an all-British opera, and complains that he has not had a word of congratulation from a single English musician on its acceptance. Dear, good man! The acceptance of one opera may perhaps make one friend, but it will certainly make ninety-nine per cent. of enemies.



An official of the L.C.C. prophesied of the children who were sent over to Paris at

Whitsuntide, that they would sing the "Marseillaise" in a way that would surprise the French people. Perhaps they did. But it might have been put in a less ambiguous way.

THE MODERN MILKMAID.

("Women servants all refused situations where they were required to milk." "Numbers of women are emigrating to Canada."—Parallel passages in the papers.)

| | |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| Where are you going to, my pretty maid? | Then <i>where</i> are you going to, my pretty maid? |
| I'm <i>not</i> going milking, Sir, she said. | I'm going to Canada, Sir, she said. |
| But the cows are expecting you, my pretty maid. | May I come with you, my pretty maid? |
| They're milked by machinery, Sir, she said. | If you've some capital, Sir, she said. |

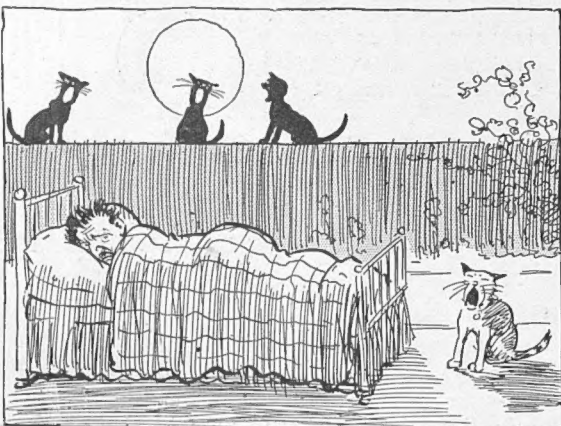
I haven't a halfpenny, my pretty maid.
Then stop in Old England, Sir, she said.

Horrible tragedy in the Post Office! A hat, packed in a wooden box and wrapped in brown paper, has arrived unsmashed at its destination. This sort of thing calls for very serious inquiry.

Experience has convinced a doctor that those who sleep in the open air require less sleep than those whose beds are indoors. And

if there is a cat in the garden it usually sees that they get it.

Mr. W. H. Dickinson, who, of course, is an M.P., says that the way to secure peace is to get the nations to understand that, in international disputes, the reign of law and not



of force must be established. Exactly. And is this Mr. Dickinson going to be the policeman to enforce the "must"?

Goudhurst, which geographers say is in Kent, is the possessor of some tom-tits which have built their nest in an old iron pump, the parent birds entering and leaving the nest by the spout. Good for Goudhurst. But this is not the first occasion in history of the family sticks being up the spout.

A DERBY TIP.

("What am I to back for the Derby now?" more than one friend inquired of me when he had slowly digested the afflicting result of the Newmarket Stakes.—*The Referee*.)

What will win the Derby to-day? Nobody seems to know;

Though every loyal sportsman will holloa for Pintadeau. The race has flummoxed the prophets, and the sporting tipsters feel they've got it fair and square in the neck this time from Lomond's heel. Some fancy Sweeper the Second as a tip both good and cheap. For the horse that is bound to win them the Calcutta Derby Sweep, While every theatrical sportsman, from the super to Beerbohm Tree, Will plank his money on Mordred as the tip of the *Referee*.

Who will unravel the puzzle? Some prophets there are who hold That Jaeger will prove a hot 'un, because he keeps out the cold; While others go in for Cylgad, because he is hard to spell, And judge that this is an omen he's hard to beat as well. But, whether you fancy White Star, or whether you back Hall Cross, Just study this copy of verses for the name of the winning horse; And if you have brains to find it you may safely go Grand Slam On the Gee that is craftily hidden in this Bacon cryptogram.



Where is the R.S.P.C.A.? A Pekinese at the Dog Show was seen gasping under the name of Wotton Pin-To-Lo-Foh-Luto-Mo, which completely overlapped it. No wonder that charitable persons have instituted the Home of Rest for Nervous Pet Dogs.

Sales of sweets bleached by sulphur dioxide have been declared illegal traffic by the U.S. Supreme Court. Thus, little by little, they are doing away with the "Chicago

flavour" which Americans miss so much in England.

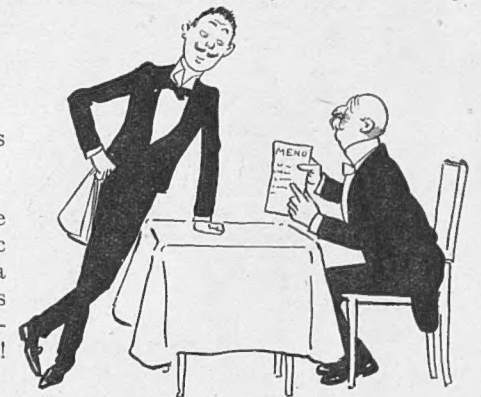
The *Times* from the heights of its encyclopædic knowledge states that a spirit of sanity now seems to hover over the new millinery. Hang the hovering! Why doesn't it settle?

THE GENTLEMAN WAITER.

("The boys we shall train here will leave the school with perfect manners; they will know the French names of every dish."—The New School for Waiters.)

The waiter who is trained by us
Will have a perfect manner,
He will not turn cantankerous
When tipped a modest tanner.
He'll know the name of every dish,
And guide your judgment, when
you,
With ignorance Britannic, wish
For light upon the menu.

French names are plain as print to him,
He sees through their disguises,
Each foreign term and synonym
For him has no surprises.
Not even Newnham-Davis can
Approximate his knowledge;
A waiter and a gentleman,
He's trained at Eating College.



MR. JAWGE: "NOT IN THE LAW NOR IN THE PROPHETS."



WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT: MR. LLOYD GEORGE, WITH A POLITICIAN SMALL BUT ARDENT
AT HIS FEET, AT SWANSEA.

Mr. Lloyd George made another remarkable oratorical effort the other day at Swansea; and is here shown holding a meeting in the Victoria Park of that place. Presiding at the Welsh Disestablishment Convention in the Albert Hall there, he made use of some extraordinary phrases. He said, for example: "Go to Primrose League meetings and look at the platforms. One-third of those there are probably people who have got Church land. The very primroses which adorn their buttonholes are plucked from land consecrated to the service of the altar." And again: "In South Wales hundreds of thousands a year are paid in rents and taxes, and the men of South Wales jeopardise their lives to pay these exactions, and when they come up into the sunshine again to seek rest and restoration, they are met with disease and degradation. The men for whom they work grudge them every inch of sunlight space, of breathing ground. That is a trust that will be looked into. They claim a right to it, but who gave it them? It is not in the Law nor in the Prophets."—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau]



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

WAS IT REALLY NEW, AND WILL IT LAST? REINHARDTISM.

The Reinhardt Boom.

played at Covent Garden with Martin Harvey." These scraps, culled from a ball-room conversation, bring to one's mind the question whether the Reinhardt boom in the theatres is on the wane. At the moment, if you look round the West-End playhouses, you will see no traces of the influence of the German Professor, a fact which proves very little, for booms run a regular course. The little body of disciples of the new prophet booms about him in the Press, chiefly in the smaller papers, till public curiosity is caught and the "boom" is really on; then the big papers take up the matter, and, a little later, a controversy arises, and ridicule is poured upon the new prophet: no boom can possibly be successful without opposition in the form of ridicule, which acts as does the blood of martyrs in forming the seed of the Church. A little later the boom begins to wane, the general public forgets the name of the new prophet, and then arises the real question—do things go on just as before the boom began, or have the efforts of the new prophet had some permanent influence? The question can only be answered a considerable time after the death of the boom, for its immediate sequel is invariably a reaction. Consequently, the fact that at the moment the theatres show no sign of the influence of Reinhardt does not prove that he was boomed in vain. If one looks at the case of Ibsen, to some extent parallel, one notices that many are profoundly influenced by him, though his works are not very often played in this country, and some of those most affected have little direct knowledge of his labours. Of him may be used Milton's curious paradox—"fairest of her daughters, Eve," but could this comparison be used of Reinhardt?

What Does Reinhardt Stand for?

The German Professor's name stands in theatredom for several things of which he certainly was not the originator. For instance, the manoeuvring of stage crowds: if memory deceives me not, he was fully anticipated by the Saxe-Meiningen Court Company, which between twenty and thirty years ago electrified London by its crowd in "Julius Cæsar." And what about the Drury Lane crowd in the drama—goodness knows what the name!—which "Pompador Jim" presented—a crowd which, during the prize-fight, was quite thrillingly life-like, though rumour says that it was a gang of rough-and-tough amateurs from the precincts of the theatre merely drilled to "go as you please" at certain catch-words. Reinhardt is associated, too, with the uplifted hands and crinkling fingers used in

"Ben-Hur" before we heard of the German Professor. Mr. Gordon Craig had abolished footlights, whilst the wandering "limes" from above—marked features in the "Œdipus" and "The Miracle"—were ancient: as for entrances of stage persons from all sorts of places, there was little novelty here to those acquainted with Greek drama, the Shakespearean stage, or "Everyman." Still, there was the one real novelty in "Sumurun" and "Œdipus," of the characters coming through the centre of the orchestra stalls, the effect of which was a little discounted one evening when a too-courteous old gentleman insisted upon pressing one of the Grecian maidens to take his seat. Professor Reinhardt was not the first to advocate the employment of an autocratic producer, for Mr. Gordon Craig had suggested this in "The Art of the Theatre" some years before the subject of the boom appeared. That Reinhardt had ideas of his own may be undeniable, but after reading several gushing articles about him, and seeing all the specimens of his art exhibited in London, I have no hesitation in suggesting that his actual innovations are not numerous or important.

Two Groups.

The conventional drama, now moribund, has been attacked by two groups, which, for convenience, one may call the "Æsthetic" and the "Intellectual"; one bent upon improving the method of presenting plays, and the other upon improving the plays themselves: they unite in attacking the orthodox West-End theatre, but are really hostile to one another, whilst each group is divided into conflicting sub-groups. For the moment, Reinhardt was lucky enough to unite some sub-groups of the æsthetic group, and make things hum; but the Gordon Craigites claim that many of Reinhardt's ideas have also come from the gifted son of Ellen Terry, and their influence has shortened the boom. There was no need to go to Germany for ideas all of them within the knowledge of English workers. It will not be because of the Reinhardt boom if during the next few years changes take place in the methods of presenting poetical and dramatic drama, but because a number of English artists are dissatisfied with the result of endeavouring to make improvements on the existing lines. We shall work back to simpler, broader methods, and away from the ultra-realistic pictorial treatment which has reached its limits owing to the efforts of Sir Herbert Tree. The credit for the changes will be due chiefly to Mr. Gordon Craig, but other workers will deserve much of the praise.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



"SHINE YOUR BOOTS, SIR?" LA TORTAJADA AS A SHOEBLACK.

The well-known Spanish dancer, La Tortajada, as our photograph shows, makes a charming shoeblack. She recently appeared at the Coliseum in "The Adventure of a Toreador."

Photograph by Schneider.



DEPOSED BY A STRAWBERRY-MARK: MISS CLARA EVELYN AS PRINCESS HELEN IN "PRINCESS CAPRICE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Princess Helen loses her crown as Queen of Thessalia owing to the discovery that she and her maid Anna, who are foster-sisters, were changed at birth, and that Anna has a strawberry-mark to prove her royalty.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



"LA PETITE CLEMENTINE": MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE AS PRINCESS CLEMENTINE.

As Princess Clementine in "Princess Caprice," at the Shaftesbury, Miss Cicely Courtneidge has two charming songs—"La Petite Clementine" and "Wedding Bells." Her dancing also adds to the attractions of the piece.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE "KILL-THAT-FLY" GUN: YOU PULL THE TRIGGER—!



A GAME OF SNAP! "SHOOTING" AN INSECT ON A WINDOW-PANE.

In the issue of "The Sketch" of May 8, 1907, we gave an illustration of "scissors" for wasp-killing invented by the late Lord de Ros, Premier Baron of England. Here is another device, of a more elaborate nature, designed for killing "that fly," bees, or wasps. The upper plate of the "gun" is drawn up as shown, a spring holding it in position. On the trigger being pulled, the top plate is released, to fall upon the bottom plate, and, of course, incidentally upon the insect. The left-hand drawing at the bottom of the page shows the "gun" ready for work, with the top plate raised, and, underneath it, the "gun" after the trigger has been pulled; on the right is a drawing of the other insect-killer referred to above and illustrated in "The Sketch" of a while ago.—[*Photograph by Clarke.*]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



ENGAGED TO MR. EDWARD BOIES COWLES: MISS VERE BOSWELL ELLIOTT.

Miss Elliott is the elder daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Elliott, of 20, King Street, Portman Square. Her father, the ninth Baronet, is chief of the ancient family of Elliott. Mr. Cowles is the eldest son of Mr. David S. Cowles, of Rye, New York.

Photograph by Val E. Strange.

people, but asks blunt questions and looks at one so heartily with her clear, honest eyes that she must win all hearts." Needless to say, Lady Duff-Gordon made an impression, as well as receiving one, and Queen Alexandra, like all others who knew her, will continue to associate the name she made famous with an unflinching courage in meeting the menace of a lonely death.

Lucie Duff-Gordon. Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon succeeded a cousin, and is not, therefore, directly descended from the lady who won George Meredith's resounding praises. Lucie Duff-Gordon (she married Sir Alexander Duff-Gordon in 1840) went twenty years later to

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, like most other people, feels herself personally concerned in the tragedy of the *Titanic*, and in all details of the inquiry. The ramifications of a liner's passenger-list are too wide to let anybody escape the striking of some intimate chord. Queen Alexandra numbers among her vivid recollections a visit to that bygone Lucie, Lady Duff-Gordon, on the Nile in the year of that brave woman's lonely Egyptian death. "Can you thank the Prince of Wales," wrote Lady Duff-Gordon to her husband, "for his kindness to Omar (a favoured servant), or shall I write? He was most pleasant and kind, and the Princess, too. She is the most perfectly simple-mannered girl I ever saw. She does not even try to be civil, like other great

Egypt for her health. It was seven years afterwards that she died, attended by a Circassian, alone at Helwan, "opposite Bedres-hayn."

"Don't make yourself unhappy, and don't send out a nurse. And, above all, don't think of coming. I wish I had seen your dear face once more—but not now," she wrote to her husband from her desolate death-bed on the Nile. Meredith says of her: "She inherited from her father the judicial mind, and her fine conscience brought it to bear on herself as well as on the world, so that she would ask, 'Are we so much better?' when someone supremely erratic was dangled before the popular eye." If Lord Mersey likes his Meredith, as he should, he will remember other counsels that, if they have no official bearing on the Inquiry, are at least indirectly interesting.

A Duchess's Lost Opportunity. When the Duke of Westminster was

finned the other day for exceeding the speed-limit, the court grew very merry over the idea that his Grace, in default of fine-paying, would have to do "seven days." Since then the obituary notices of Mary Duchess of Sutherland remind one that the gap between Dukedoms and gaols is not illimitable. The Duchess's six weeks for contempt of court is the most modern instance,

and a fairly recent one, for it followed litigation in regard to the will of the Duke who died in 1892. The opportunity of renewing the connection between Stafford House and Holloway was only the other day pointed out to the lady now residing there. What would have happened had the delectable Duchess, who favours votes for women, broken windows? At least, it was thought, she might have thrown in her lot with her rebellious sisters by smashing the glass of her own shop in Bond Street, suffering arrest, and perplexing the magistrates.

Uncles and Uncles.

While the Englishman is quick to avail himself of the growing laxity in regard to national mourning, he is none the less sensitive for his good name as an exponent of international etiquette. It was a man punctiliously dressed in blue who raised his voice the other day in a Pall Mall Club. He knew (and did not love) Germany; he was there when King Edward died; he saw the German Army with crape bands upon its sleeve; he saw shops put up their shutters and flags fall to half-mast. An uncle of the Emperor was dead, and Berlin mourned! On the other hand, there he was in London when the King of Denmark, an uncle of King George (the same relationship, mark you!) died, and hardly a sign of mourning made. Little can be urged in reply, save a feeling, greatly increased in the last few years, that Court mourning does not necessarily carry public mourning with it. And an Englishman is apt to forget, perhaps, that the King of England bulked larger in foreign opinion than the King of Denmark. Edward VII. was not merely the uncle of the Kaiser; he was elder brother to the Continent.



MISS RHONA HANBURY, WHOSE WEDDING TO MAJOR VIGANT DE FALBE WAS FIXED FOR JUNE 1.

Miss Hanbury is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Hanbury, of Poles, Hertfordshire. Major de Falbe, D.S.O., of the Prince of Wales's (North Staffordshire) Regiment, is the son of the late Captain de Falbe, of the Danish Navy.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN COUNT ROBERT METAXA: MISS LINDA FROST.

Miss Frost is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Gibbons Frost, of Mollington Hall, Chester. Count Robert Metaxa, formerly in the Royal Scots Fusiliers, of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, is the only child of the late Admiral Count Frederick Metaxa.—[Photograph by Val E. Strange.]



ENGAGED TO COUNT PAOLO MANASSEI DI COLLESTATTI: MISS NORA PARK LYLE.

Miss Lyle is the only daughter of Mr. Alexander Park Lyle, of Glendelvine, Perthshire. She is very popular in Society.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN FRANCIS CUNINGHAM: MISS VIOLET PHIPPS-HORNBY.

Miss Phipps-Hornby, whose engagement to Captain Francis Cunningham, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is announced, is the eldest daughter of Captain Phipps-Hornby, of Little Green, Petersfield, Hants.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

FOR - ARD! THE MASTER OF THE OLD BIOGRAPH FOXHOUNDS.



"WHEN I TOOT MY HORN—YOU OUGHT TO HEAR THE DOGS BEGIN TO BAY! IT WAS FROM A BANKRUPT CIRCUS THAT WE BOUGHT THOSE GOOD OLD HOUNDS": MR. ROBERT HALE IN "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT."

Mr. Robert Hale is a tower of strength in the Empire Revue, "Everybody's Doing It," and is especially successful in "The Biograph Hunt." The first verse of this reads: "You can talk about the Belvoir, the Pychley, and the Quorn, I don't care what you say—Give me the old Biograph! I'm master of that swagger pack, and when I toot my horn—you ought to hear the dogs begin to bay! It was from a bankrupt circus that we bought those good old hounds. We've also got a fox, and don't we give it socks! Three times a week we chase it round the Crystal Palace grounds, When the operators shout 'Right away'!"—[Photograph by Bassano.]



THE RENAISSANCE OF BALLET: THE RETURN OF THE RUSSIAN DANCERS.

THE return of the Russian Ballet to London with a répertoire of fourteen works, of which ten have already established their popularity, is an affair of the first importance, and that importance is not more social than artistic. Only a few years have passed since M. André Messager (then musical director for the Syndicate) introduced his pretty ballet, "Les Deux Pigeons," and it was given (*horribile dictu*) side by side with Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame." Such a conjunction may well have been fatal to both; certainly there seemed no disposition to travel farther in the region of ballet, and it is whispered in musical circles that we owe the Russian visit to Mr. Thomas Beecham, who had engaged them for his own season, and subsequently made certain arrangements with the Grand Opera Syndicate to take over his contract. But whatever the cause, we have abundant reason to be grateful for their appearance in our midst, seeing that they have revealed developments in the world of gesture and movement which had quite escaped us. In fact, it may be said that ballet was dying fast in this country: its kingdom in Leicester Square had been invaded by the sprite of musical comedy; the passing of Mme. Katti Lanner and the translation of M. Leopold Wenzel seemed to give the *coup de grâce* to its chances. Now London is as anxious as it ever was to welcome fine dancing, to understand the often delicate gesture of the mimes, to admire movement in masses and the gorgeous colouring and striking realism of the Orient. Six summers ago, Covent Garden gave very moderate welcome to one ballet; now it is preparing to enjoy a dozen or more.

Nobody would hesitate to ascribe a great part of the change in public taste to the quality of the music with which the ballets are associated. It is the long list of famous men on the composers' side that first attracts the eye. Weber and Schumann and Chopin—here are names to conjure with; so, too, are Glazounov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky, and Borodin, for this country is intensely interested in Russian music to-day. Tcherepnine—who conducted the ballet last year, and is represented by "Le Pavillon d'Armide," and a new work, "Narcisse"—has won his spurs; Reynaldo Hahn, composer of "Le Dieu Bleu," is a French composer and critic who has written some charming songs and gained the interest of musical London. The other works new to London are "L'Oiseau de Feu" and "Petruschka," by Stravinsky, a composer whose name has yet to find a place among the biographies of musicians.



THE COMPOSER OF THE NEW OPERA WHICH IS TO BE GIVEN AT THE LONDON ON JUNE 7: MR. JOSEPH HOLBROOKE—WITH A MASK OF BEETHOVEN.

It is announced that "The Children of Don," music by Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, libretto by Lord Howard de Walden, will be presented for the first time at the London Opera House on June 7.

Photograph by Hoppe.

tions of dances, each and all have pleased, though they are calculated to arouse widely different emotions and stand for many and varied moods in music. There is something in the vivid presentation, in the strenuous effort, that unites the most and the

least distinguished members of the company, holding a house intolerant of anything but the best work. That the modern Russian composers should have felt the public pulse and learned how to stimulate it is not surprising; but Schumann and Chopin are no less effective, in music that was never written for direct association with the stage. Indeed, they succeed by giving the full rein to the imagination of the audience, while the Russians, at best, can never be greater than the story to which they supply the only possible substitute for the living voice, though there are times when one feels that the full horrors or dramatic moments in some of the stories set out have been toned from their full native strength to suit the milder temperature of these islands. "Cleopâtre" and "Scheherazade," for example, are in all probability modified for the London stage, though even in their present form they are startling enough as revelations of primitive passion unashamed, and the music is well-nigh as expressive as the action.

A few years ago the man dancer was laughed at in this country; there was none so kind as to have a good word for him. Cecchetti and Vincenti, when they appeared at the Empire in the early nineties, never achieved a popularity equal to their gifts; when they left London there were few to regret their departure. To-day it may be doubted whether London holds two more popular dancers than Mordkin and Nijinsky, of whom the latter will be the bright star of the Russian season. The history of the dance probably boasts of nothing finer than Nijinsky's performance in "Le Spectre de la Rose," in which the poetry of motion seems to assume its most lyrical aspect; and in Karsavina we have an artist who is not only the embodiment of grace, but has an intellect of the first order—gifts that few dancers have found necessary to the equipment of success. Great as these two artists are, the rest of the company is so good that, even without the crowning pleasure of their presence, it would be possible to keep an audience delighted; those who have been long accustomed to watch the best dancing in Europe will probably note among the rank-and-file of the company many who, by their skilled movement, their fine sense of rhythm, and their instant response to every change in the mood of the orchestra, suggest that they are well able to accept a more responsible place should one be vacant, though it is impossible to forget that one of the greatest attractions of the company is this all-round quality of achievement, that gives individuality to nearly every performance. The Russian company is bound to exercise a useful influence upon Grand Opera, and to stimulate the Covent Garden authorities to renewed effort to present its own works with an equal measure of artistic completeness. Such an effort has already been noticeable; doubtless it will become more prominent as the thoroughness of our visitors is more widely understood and appreciated.

COMMON CHORD.



TO APPEAR IN "THE CHILDREN OF DON," AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE: MME. DORIA.

Photograph by Hoppe.

From the Wilds—of the Imagination.

FOR SALE



DANCES WE HAVE NEVER SEEN: IV.—THE LUN-ANTIC.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

THE ONLY BEING WHO MAKES JOHN BULL A COWARD: MRS. GRUNDY.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

IF you people had a farthing's-worth of pluck you might have dispatched her long ago, and danced around her grave with unfettered feet. Never sing to me again that "Britons never, never will be slaves," because I know worse. I know that the British people are shaking in their big boots, and shaking at what?—at pestilence, war, race-extinction, famine? Not a bit of it! These horrors the British people can face with a grin. There is only one being who makes of John Bull a coward—I say and repeat, a coward. If the word stings, *tant mieux*. It is not a god, a king, a judge, nor a pugilist. It is a bully in petticoats, it's a woman, an old woman, with all the formidable strength of her weakness, of her sex, of her age. She is an old woman, dressed in stiff silk, the sinister rustle of which can be heard far and wide. She wears mittens, the lady bully, so that her old, ever-busy fingers may enjoy all their malignant nimbleness. She is very deaf, so much so that she can only hear the bad, wicked, naughty words of this bad, wicked, naughty world. Inside her poke-bonnet that pokes everywhere with a vengeance, her corkscrew curls shake reproachfully over wrinkled cheeks, which have brought the art of blushing to its higher perfection. She sibilates her words in a weak, wheezy voice, purposely so low that everyone has to stoop to hear it. Such is the terrifying female bogey who holds the whole of England within the meshes of her reticule. As she is an old acquaintance of yours, I need not introduce to you—Dame Grundy. As for myself, the very first thing I did when reaching the age of discretion was to cut the lady whenever and wherever I met her. Indeed, I ignored her so persistently and so completely that I had come to believe her dead. But lo and alas! the other night whom did I see in the stalls of the Garrick Theatre but the tiresome Dame, more Victorian, more fussy, more ample-skirted than ever. With a crooked finger she was pointing at the title of the play on the programme—a scratch of her pointed nail and "Improper Peter" had become "Proper." Peter, however, remains unchanged.

Now, this obedience to the sway of the malignant and the old-fashioned annoyed me. That Mr. Bouchier, the sinewy Samson, the strong, if Simple Simon, should yield to this absurd caprice of the doting Dame surprises me. In future I shall not be able to trust any more men with resolute jaws. "Proper Peter" is a mere play on words; the plot and characters are the same as before the wicked prefix was removed. It is merely a thoughtless concession to a popular prejudice that words can be immoral, when only thoughts possess that power. There was an engaging

frankness in the title of "Improper Peter," which to me was infinitely less suggestive than many titles which pass muster because they are not frank and explicit, but hint by innuendo. An improper man may be an exceedingly moral man and an excellent fellow. In good English, being proper means being cautiously immoral. I feel the greatest interest in good people. Goodness appeals to the sportsmanlike instinct in me because it is difficult. I admire a good man or woman as I admire an acrobat who can keep his equilibrium and walk above our heads on a thin wire, with a hoop around his ankles and a sword upstanding on his forehead. I have for virtue the keen appreciation of a curio-hunter, but when I see anywhere the British hall-mark (I was going to say trade-mark!) of goodness, "I hae me doots!" I know that rolled gold is especially an English product, and that Dame Grundy is, if supercilious, no less superficial. She looks for dust in corners, and promenades an inquisitive finger on the surface of the mantelpiece, but she doesn't open cupboards—she is afraid lest the skeletons therein might prove old friends of her own. She is a nagger and a bully, not a moralist nor a justiciary.

Raffles is an entirely English conception. He is a thief—but a thief in kid gloves, and irreproachably proper and conventional to boot. Thus my old friend Blaise, in my new book, which an entirely assumed modesty prevents me from naming:—"I have met many Englishmen. You say they are good. Possibly. But they are not so much good as—deliberate. I don't know whether I explain myself well. One does because one does them quickly. For instance, one could break a pane of glass, and snatch a jewel which glistens insolently, but if one has to forge a pass-key to open the safe in which the jewel is, one has time to think—and one does without the jewel. The Englishman does not err so much as, say, the French, but when he does, he has far less excuse, for his instinct is not swift. His virtue is greatly a matter of obedience, more so than of disposition. He has a code and calls it conscience. He thinks in precepts. Submit to him a case which has not been foreseen by good form, religion, loyalism, and, if there is no precedent, he is almost incapable of creating one. To me virtue has *élan*, spontaneity; she is stayless, and her raiments are all different and new—before all she is self-reliant. But what the cold, ponderous race calls virtue is only vice at a slow trot. They may be virtuous; those who are mere amateurs in amatory matters!"

What do you think? My friend Blaise is not altogether wrong, *n'est-ce pas?*



THE LADY-IN-WAITING ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED BY BARON VINCENZO PATERNO: THE COUNTESS GIULIA TRIGONA.

The photograph was taken when the Countess was leaving the Quirinal; behind her is seen her husband, Count Trigona.

Photograph by Ch. Abenitacav.

There are things that one does because one does them quickly. For instance, one could break a pane of glass, and snatch a jewel which glistens insolently, but if one has to forge a pass-key to open the safe in which the jewel is, one has time to think—and one does without the jewel. The Englishman does not err so much as, say, the French, but when he does, he has far less excuse, for his instinct is not swift. His virtue is greatly a matter of obedience, more so than of disposition. He has a code and calls it conscience. He thinks in precepts. Submit to him a case which has not been foreseen by good form, religion, loyalism, and, if there is no precedent, he is almost incapable of creating one. To me virtue has *élan*, spontaneity; she is stayless, and her raiments are all different and new—before all she is self-reliant. But what the cold, ponderous race calls virtue is only vice at a slow trot. They may be virtuous; those who are mere amateurs in amatory matters!"



BEHIND BARS AND SORELY TRIED: BARON VINCENZO PATERNO, ACCUSED OF MURDERING COUNTESS GIULIA TRIGONA, A LADY-IN-WAITING TO THE QUEEN OF ITALY, IN ROME, IN MARCH 1911.

The trial began some days ago, before the Assize Court in Rome, of Baron Vincenzo Paterno, an ex-cavalry officer charged with having killed the Countess Giulia Trigona in a small hotel in Rome in March of last year. The prosecution alleges that Baron Vincenzo Paterno and the Countess met in a private room in an obscure hotel, that the Baron demanded a sum of money from the Countess, that he was refused, and that he then stabbed her in the back. Again according to the prosecution, the Countess struggled, but her opponent, they allege, seized her by the hair, threw her on the bed, stabbed her fatally in the throat and then tried to commit suicide by shooting himself with a revolver. At the moment of writing, the trial is proceeding.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

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PET — AND ENCUMBRANCE.



FOR SALE

MOTHER: Now, don't cry, Cecil. I really can't carry both of you.

DRAWN BY MAB TREERY.



A Novel in a Nutshell

"A MARRIAGE IS ARRANGED"

By EDWIN PUGH.

FROM the moment that she came among us—a tiny slip of seven years, clad mainly in white muslin and a pink sash—everybody said that we were made for one another. I did not then understand this phrase, but she explained it to me.

"They mean that when we are grown up we shall marry one another," she said.

The prospect did not allure me. "Oh!" I gasped.

"But we sha'n't," she added.

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"I shall refuse you," she said.

"Supposing I don't ask you to marry me, though?"

"Oh, but you will."

"I won't."

"It would be rude not to."

"Not after what you have told me."

"You should always give a lady a chance to alter her mind."

"Who told you that?" I demanded crossly, for her airs of superiority galled me.

"I found it out by myself."

"I don't believe you."

"Yes, you do," she said.

And when I thought it over I concluded that she was right.

She had an irritating trick of being always right. I can see now that it was my anxiety to prove her wrong which made us quarrel so often and so bitterly.

She stayed with us for eight years, and then her father returned to England from India and took her away. She went to live with him on an outlandish island somewhere, and ten years passed before I saw her again.

Then, one night, I dined with Lady Forfar, a very old friend of our family. I took down a demure little person in a blue frock. Lady Forfar introduced us with an air of great *empressement*, but I was feeling rather bored at the moment and the name escaped me. The soup was atrocious, so I thought I might as well amuse my partner. We talked the usual balderdash for some time; and then, suddenly, as I was evolving a pleasantry, she remarked—

"You will be surprised to hear, Mr. Craven, that I know a great deal about you."

"Not at all," said I. "It is quite twenty minutes since we were introduced."

She laughed. "Oh, you mustn't think," she said, "that I am laying claim to any extraordinary powers of insight into character. What I know about you I have learned from—from a very old friend of yours."

"I am reassured," said I. "No friend of mine ever tells the truth about me. How could he—and be my friend?"

It was at this inopportune juncture that my other neighbour, little Mrs. Wace, addressed me.

"Mr. Craven," said she, "I shall never forgive you."

"As that implies that you will never forget me——"

"You have not once opened your mouth," she pouted.

"But I have," said I, "and the *vol au vent* was excellent."

She giggled. "Miss Wakeham is a very old friend of yours, I believe?"

"We were children together. But why rake up Cousin Mabel?"

"I thought that the next best thing to talking to her might be talking about her."

Then I realised who the demure young person was. I turned to her again. Mrs. Wace has never forgiven me.

"You are Cousin Mabel," I said sternly. "What do you mean by it?"

But just then Lady Forfar rose. However, I had some further talk with Mabel in the drawing-room afterwards. We quarrelled, promptly; and subsequent reflection proved to me that she had not lost her old irritating trick of being always right. My state of mind was complicated by a feeling, which I could not shake off, that I had made an unmitigated fool of myself at the dinner-table. Lady Forfar asked me—

"How do you like her?"

"I can't make up my mind which of us is insufferable," said I. That was the worst of Mabel—she made you give yourself away to other people.

"I have always said that you were made for one another," sighed Lady Forfar.

"You admit that?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I shall go on saying it—always," she replied.

She is most inconsequent.

I saw much of Mabel, despite our efforts to keep apart. Our friends were so very friendly.

"Look here, Mabs," said I, at last; "this is absurd. Everywhere I go I meet you. I believe you do it on purpose."

"I don't," said she. "But why does it annoy you?"

"You know how we dislike one another."

"We don't dislike one another."

"Don't we?"

"Certainly not."

"I feel sure you are wrong; so, of course, you are right," said I. "But I wish we could do something to prevent it."

"It is Lady Forfar's fault."

"If it were only Lady Forfar we might cope with hideous circumstance," said I. "But it's everybody. I never knew such a pack of idiots! They say we were made for one another, and, of course, they have to prove their words. They will never be satisfied until we are married. Even then. . . . It's a dismal outlook for them, anyway, thank heaven! I say, Mabs, can't you take some fellow in hand and make him marry you? That would rather solve matters."

"Why don't you marry?" she cried.

"That's right! Drive me into uncongenial wedlock!"

"I merely suggested it for your benefit," said she. "I can keep my temper when we meet."

"By Jove! I have an idea," I cried. "We'll pretend to be engaged."

"I don't think I should like that," said Mabel. "And, besides, what good would it do?"

"They would leave us alone, then."

"Yes—alone together."

"Is that usual?"

She nodded. "Still," she said, "I don't think they would be quite so anxious about us. We should be spared a little of their officious friendship. It might be rather restful."

"We will try it," said I. "What shall we have to do?"

"You must buy me a ring," said she, "and tell everybody it's a great secret."

"And what do you do?" I asked.

"I wear the ring and contradict nothing," said Mabel.

"It seems to me that the rules of this game need careful revision," I grumbled.

"And then you must send me flowers and boxes of sweets and theatre-tickets, and so on."

"Why, it would be cheaper to marry you!" I cried.

"Yes," she assented; "but that is impossible. Of course," she added, "you need give me nothing, really. But then people would talk."

"Let them talk," said I. "I would not ruin myself to bribe the Recording Angel."

"It will not be exactly pleasant for me, though," said Mabel, musing.

"My position will be horrible," said I.

We decided to try the experiment. I bought a ring and asked one or two men to keep mum about my engagement to Miss Wakeham. That same evening my mother warmly congratulated me; and my father offered to pay my debts. I had forgotten this contingency, and I wired to Mabel: "How about our parents?"

She took no notice of my frantic message.

"Thomas," said my father. (He gave me that name, so I suppose he has a right to use it.) "Thomas, you have made me a happy man. There is no girl I could have preferred." (There were many girls whom I preferred!) "This one wise act of yours atones for all your follies," he went on. (He is on the Bench and rarely descends from it.) "Of course, there is no necessity for a long engagement."

"All engagements do not end in marriage," I reminded him. But he was not disturbed.

"This one will," he rejoined, with such conviction that I thrilled with superstitious dread.

"Mabs," said I, when we next met, "I wish I had not bought that ring."

"So do I," said she. "It is utterly hideous."

"This affair will end in disaster," I remarked, recalling my father's ominous words.

"Oh, well, if the worst comes to the worst, we can always quarrel," said she.

"We do," said I.

"I mean that we can always end our engagement by saying that we have quarrelled."

"Will that seem sufficient reason to those that know us?"

"It will be quite conclusive if we part."


"I'm not sure that I want to part from you altogether, Mabs. After all, your dislike of me is rather amusing."

"I don't dislike you," she said. "Still, I do begin to wonder if this experiment is going to be a success. Perhaps I ought not to have let you enter upon it."


[Continued overleaf.]

Brown Studies: A Poet's Corner in Celebrities.


FOR SALE




A CRITIC, bored with hackneyed ways,
Resolved to give an actress praise
On some new plan
Unknown to man
To make his words more telling;
For folks, he knew, were seldom led
By ordinary things they read.
"To make them notice *her*," he said,
"I'll 'simplify' my spelling!"




And this is what and how he wrote:—
"It iz mi dyuety nou tu noet
A buding cween,
Hu, stil sicsteen,
Must be congratulaited;
For she acheevz cwiet seerius partz,
Her byuety concwerz aul our hartz,
From nou her glorius fyuetjur startz —"
That's what he perpetrated!



The Critic's editorial chief
Saw this and bowed in silent grief.
The office-boy
Remarked with joy,
"This languidge is hinferral!"
The hardy printers howled in fear
(A feeling they assuage with beer),
But nevertheless it did appear
Next morning in the journal.



The actress nearly had a fit.
Her lawyer sent a little writ
And wrote to say
He'd have to pay
For libel and for slander!
The judge pooh-poohed his weak defence;
The lady smiled her evidence;
The jury said, in consequence,
One million he must hand her!



He wrote the cheque (as critics can).
He said, "I'm still a cheerful man!"
But you will see,
When spelling, he
Will use the good, old-fashioned plan.

"My dear girl," I replied, "it really is perfectly ridiculous to try and take that tone with me. I am quite aware of my responsibility in regard to you. That's what troubles me."

"It seems a pity to let it trouble you," said Mabel.

The Fates fought for her. Before I could utter the crushing retort that I was just then contemplating, some fool came up and claimed her for the next dance. I had to go and amuse an adoring dowager. I would rather be insulted by Mabel than adored by a dowager. I could see her as she danced. Her partner was some idiotic soldier-man with the waist of a barmaid. But Mabel has no discrimination, and I daresay she thought him quite as witty and handsome as I. It is quite impossible to combine good talking with good dancing, as I explained to her afterwards. "I never dance myself for that reason," said I.

"It seems an unnecessary act of self-denial," said she.

The engagement dragged on for a fortnight. Then, one evening, I asked Mabel to release me.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she said. "The arrangement suits me very well."

"It does not suit me at all," said I. "We are always together now. I get no respite."

"Very well," she said coldly, and began to take off my ring.

"Surely," said I, "you are not pretending to be offended?"

"No," said she. "I am offended."

"If I have said anything ruder than usual——"

"That would be impossible!"

"But, my dear Mabs, you understood perfectly——"

"I am tired of this perpetual bickering," said she.

"It is quite as much your fault as mine," I blurted out.

"I suppose any man would say that, but from you—I am disappointed in you, Tom."

She rarely used my Christian name. "I'm awfully sorry," I murmured.

"Oh, it's quite all right," she said dully.

"Do you really want me to take back the ring?"

"I think you had better."

"No, Mabs; keep it. Even if the engagement is ended, you might—but I forgot. You think it hideous."

"I don't really think it hideous. That was said to tease you."

She took back the ring, gave me a kind "Good-night," and went to join her father. I began to wish that I liked Mabel.

I did not see her for a week. The weather was abominable, and I felt much depressed. When we met again, I asked her: "Are we still engaged?"

"I really don't know," she answered.

"What do you wish?"

"I am quite indifferent about it."

"I have been thinking this matter over seriously," said I, "and I have come to the conclusion that a marriage is rather a solemn sort of affair."

She was amused. "Is it?" she cried.

"It is a sacred obligation," said I. "Not in our case, though, of course, because we are not really engaged."

"I see," said she.

"And I think," I added, "that we should not play at being engaged."

"Do you want to be released again? This is very confusing, you know."

"I don't know what I want. Obviously, it would be absurd for us to marry."

"And, therefore, the only thing to do is to proclaim our mock engagement at an end."

"That seems precipitate," I objected.

"It is the only alternative."

"I think that's a very arbitrary rule about there being only two alternatives," said I.

"Is there such a rule?" she asked.

"Mabs, that is one of your worst failings. You can never——"

"Oh, don't let us squabble again!"

"No, no," said I. "Let us come to a decision. We have two alternatives—or more."

"Thank you." Really, Mabel can be almost charming.

"We must select one of them and act upon it. The question is, of course, which one?"

"Yes," said she, "that is the question."

It seemed difficult to proceed.

"There are so many things to be considered," I observed at length.

"There are our parents."

"Yes, there they are," said I.

They came up at that moment, a beaming quartet, and our colloquy ended.

Mabel continued to wear my ring. I saw her every day, but she said nothing more about ending our engagement, and I felt that I should be lacking in good taste if I broached the subject. It was very agonising. It was my father who eventually urged me to speak.

"Mabs," I began, "my father says we ought to fix a date."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that a crisis is impending. Something definite must certainly be done at once."

"Are you going to do it?"

"Am I going to do what?"

"Something definite."

"That depends on you."

"Do you want me to fix a date?"

"Of course not. Don't be so cold-blooded, Mabs."

"You want your ring back?"

"I don't care a hang about the ring."

"Well, don't be violent, Tom. I'm not violent."

"That is why I am. You'd be violent if I weren't."

She smiled. "The ring," said she, "is valuable as an outward and visible sign. It is a delicate intimation to the world. Therefore, it is foolish to say you don't care a hang about it. So long as I wear it we are engaged."

"Only in the eyes of the world," I reminded her hastily.

"Of course. And the moment I give it back to you our engagement is ended."

"My father will make an awful fuss," I groaned. He had already settled my debts.

There was a pause. Then Mabel handed me my ring. "I think I will go now," she said. "Of course you will tell your father to-night?"

"Don't go yet," said I. "I want to ask you something. How ought we to behave, after this?"

"I think we ought to avoid one another as much as possible."

"But we are bound to meet pretty often. It will be horribly awkward."

"We must just nod coldly."

"Mayn't we even quarrel?"

"Certainly not."

"One word more, Mabs. You—you won't think me rude to say this?"

She stared. "No," she faltered.

I cleared my throat. "Er—I suppose you will go and marry someone else now?" I ventured.

"I have promised not to think you rude," she observed.

"I don't think I shall like your husband, Mabs," said I discontentedly. "Your taste in men is so crude." She bowed. "I wonder if you will like my wife," I went on.

"I shall try to like her, Tom."

"Ah, that is always fatal."

She sighed. "Well, good-bye," said she, and held out her hand. Mechanically, I clasped it. And then she was gone, and I was left fumbling the ring.

I was very unhappy—unreasonably so. I went home resolved to tell my father everything. We were dining *en famille* that night. He would call me into the library after dinner, as usual, and I would open my heart to him. That was my intention. But when the time came I could not carry it into effect; he was so cheerfully oblivious of approaching evil. We parted at his bedroom door, and I had not spoken. I took out the ring and looked at it. "Poor Mabs!" I murmured. "What a pity it is!" And so to bed.

Three days passed. Still I said nothing. My mind was in a state of ferment. I wondered what Mabel was doing and how her people were taking it. It seemed odd that nothing had yet leaked out. On the fourth day I was sitting brooding in the Park when suddenly I awoke to the fact that a footman was addressing me.

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said he. "Miss Wakeham wishes to speak to you."

I looked up, and there was Mabel in a barouche. She was very pale. She smiled at me, and I rose and went to her. We shook hands solemnly.

"Get in," she said. "I want to talk to you." I felt very uncomfortable as I obeyed her. The barouche drove on. I sat with averted gaze. I was conscious that her eyes were watching me. "Tom," she said at last, sternly, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Mabs," said I, "it is quite impossible to tell them." Then, in a moment of inspiration, I asked: "Have you told your people yet?"

"N—no," she stammered.

"Why haven't you?" I inquired severely.

"You can hardly ask me that after behaving as you have done."

"But surely they missed the ring?"

"Ye—yes." I stared at her. "I—I accounted for that," she said, blushing.

We lapsed into gloom. I sighed. "Mabs," I burst forth, "the situation is desperate."

"It is intolerable," said she, fingering her gown.

"I have the ring with me, curiously enough," said I, producing it.

She looked at it. I looked at her. Suddenly she challenged my gaze. I began to laugh, foolishly, forlornly.

"I wish you would wear the ring again," said I.

"I cannot do that," she said.

"You can take it off when we part."

"It is so—so absurd."

"To please me, Mabs."

"Very well, Tom."

I had never known her to be so meek. She slipped the ring on to her finger, and it seemed to magnetise our gaze. She made an abrupt movement to take it off.

"Why should you?" I whispered, restraining her.

Her lips moved, but she did not speak. The carriage drove on. Hyde Park was at its best that morning.

"I think I had better go back," she faltered presently.

"It is not always possible," said I.

"I mean—to Rutland Gate," said she.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

THE STARS ON A NEW COURSE: THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP AT WESTWARD HO!

The Amateur Championship.

We are in the middle of the Amateur Championship meeting at Westward Ho! now—the first championship meeting that ever has been held on the magnificent course of the Royal North Devon Club. How it will turn out it is impossible to suggest at the time that

these notes have to be written; but that it will be a keen competition, that it will be one of strong and unusual features, and that the testing properties of the course are such that a thoroughly worthy champion will be selected are things that are certain. The Scottish entry

is small, and several most notable names are missing, but the London and Midland entry is good, and one cannot help feeling that, just as the event is being played on an entirely new championship course, there is a good possibility that an entirely new sort of champion may come through the ordeal. For all its golfing strength at the present time, London has never yet produced an amateur champion—that is, a golfer who has learned

A WALKER OVER: MR. J. F. TINDAL ATKINSON IN THE BAR TOURNAMENT.

Mr. Tindal Atkinson (+2) was drawn against Mr. D. Stephens (4) in the second round. Mr. Stephens scratched, and Mr. Tindal Atkinson walked over.

Photograph by Sport and General.

his game on London courses, lives in the Metropolis, and is identified with the golf there more than with that of any other place. Twice it has been near to doing so—once being when Mr. Sidney Fry made his great effort in the final at Hoylake ten years ago, losing to Mr. Charles Hutchings by only a hole after having once seemed in for something like a record beating; and the other when his Mid-Surrey clubmate, Mr. H. E. Taylor, was the silver medallist at Sandwich in 1908. It is surely London's turn, and she will probably make a better demonstration of her strength at Westward Ho! than she has ever done before. Mr. Taylor has been playing remarkably fine golf all this season so far, and it would surprise nobody to find him going a long way in the competition.

from round about the Birmingham district created a great impression, but the only man from this part of the world who has ever come near to winning the highest distinction of amateur golf was Mr. Charles Palmer, who played in the final against Mr. John Ball at St. Andrews in 1905 on the wettest, stormiest day on which I ever

remember a championship final to have been played. Mr. Lassen, who might be said to have represented inland golf more than anything else when he won the cup, is the one man who has become champion and stands out for the modern condition of things as contrasted with the old one. Again, no Irish player has ever won the championship, or come near to it. But lately Ireland has bred a player who, by common consent, is just about as good as anybody in amateur golf, and that is Mr. Lionel Munn. You hear the very best judges of golf and golfers saying that he is certain to win a championship some time, and that very soon.

Irish and American.

Mr. Munn is a very powerful player in every way, and one with a pronounced individuality of game. There was a doubt at one time as to whether he would send in his entry. He has just been called to the Irish Bar, and, apart from that, it was said that he had seriously injured a knee when playing football, and that his golfing prospects were altogether blasted. It is splendid news that this is not the case. Another of the most interesting features of the competition will be the appearance therein of Mr. Fred Herreshoff, one of the foremost of the American amateurs, and the man who took Mr. Hilton to the thirty-seventh hole in the final of the American amateur championship at Apawamis last autumn. Mr. Herreshoff, who is twenty-four years of age, is a very



A WALKER OVER: MR. JUSTICE AVORY IN THE BAR TOURNAMENT.

In the second round Mr. Justice Ivory (14) was drawn against Mr. R. B. Pynsent (10). Mr. Pynsent scratched, and Mr. Justice Ivory walked over.

Photograph by Sport and General.

TURNED DOWN WITHOUT THE OPTION OF A FINE: MR. ERNEST BAGGALLAY AT THE FIRST TEE IN THE BAR TOURNAMENT.

The first two rounds of the Bar Golfing Society's Tournament were played at the Royal Cinque Ports Club at Deal on May 29. In the second round Mr. Ernest Baggallay (9), the well-known police magistrate, was beaten by Mr. G. M. Hildyard (8) by 4 and 3.

Photograph by Sport and General.



JUSTICE BADLY BUNKERED: MR. JUSTICE SCRUTTON BEFORE THE 17TH GREEN IN THE BAR TOURNAMENT.

Like his fellow-judges on this page, Mr. Justice Scrutton (13) walked over in the second round, his opponent, Mr. R. C. Richards (15) having scratched.

Photograph by Sport and General.



JUSTICE CONVICTED OF PERJURY: MR. JUSTICE NEVILLE CAUGHT IN A BAD LIE BEFORE THE SIXTH GREEN.

Mr. Justice Neville (18) walked over in the second round of the Bar Tournament, his opponent, the Hon. Frank Russell, K.C. (9) having scratched.

Photograph by Sport and General.

The Midland Brigade.

Then, similarly, it has to be admitted that Midland golf has become a very big and strong thing, and that one of the possibilities is that a Midland golfer may be made champion. At Prestwick last year, the players

powerful and accomplished player. A few years ago he was one of the young sensations of American golf, for he ran to the final of the amateur championship there when only seventeen years of age. It was Mr. Chandler Egan who beat him then.

ONE OF THE FEW: AN INSTANT SUCCESS IN LONDON.

"THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA," AT COVENT GARDEN.



1. THE HAUNT OF THE CAMORRA: THE THIRD ACT
OF "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA."

2. THE GARDEN OF CARMELA'S HOUSE: THE SECOND ACT
OF "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA."

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," was presented for the first time in London on May 30, at Covent Garden. As a rule, it takes the British public some time to decide whether a work that is new to it is a success or no. In this case, there was no doubt about the matter: the triumph was instantaneous. The scene of the opera is laid in modern Naples, and it tells the story of the rivalry of Gennaro, a blacksmith, and Rafaele, a Camorrist leader, for the love of Maffiella, adopted daughter of Gennaro's mother, Carmela.—[Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.]



A SICILIAN ROAD-RACE: SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX: WIRE-WHEEL AND TUBE TESTS.

Continental's Score in Sicily.

La Targa Florio is the distinctive title of a great road race which has been held year by year, with one exception, for some years past in the beautiful island of Sicily. It is the promotion of a great Italian sportsman and motorist, the Chevalier Florio, who has

staff at Tinsley will be further reinforced by the appointment of Mr. Sidney Smith as Works Manager. Mr. Sidney Smith was at one time connected with Mr. S. F. Edge and the Napier car in its racing days, and has since been responsible for the development and organisation of one of the largest motor-works on the Continent. With a quartet of the above calibre behind it, the booming of the Sheffield-Simplex is an assured thing.



LITTLE NAT, AIRMAN: THE MONKEY WHO MADE AN AEROPLANE FLIGHT AT BATH; WITH HIS PILOT, MR. HUCKS.

At the recent Bath Aviation Meeting, Little Nat made an ascent with Mr. Hucks, the well-known airman. After being up a short time, the pilot had to come down, owing to engine-troubles, apparently to the monkey's regret.—[Photograph by Topical.]

done so much for automobilism in Italy generally. The event is contested over a course of 1050 kilometres of rough and mountainous roads, with innumerable bad turnings and much poor surface. The winner of the race on May 26 last turned up in a four-cylinder S.C.A.T. car, a machine of native manufacture, being made in Turin by the Societa Ceirano Automobili of that city, hence the initials by which the car is known. The cylinders of the engine were 104 mm. by 140 mm.—not great dimensions as engine-sizes go to-day. The total distance was covered in 23 hrs. 37 mins. 19½ secs., the S.C.A.T. car being driven by a man named Snipe, an English mechanic who has been in the employ of the makers of the car for the past two years. Not the least interesting item in connection with this performance is the fact that the car went right through on Continental tyres, with only one tyre-change. Further, the second, third, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth cars in ran on Continental tyres. The S.C.A.T. car, which is fitted with an ingenious self-starter, is represented in this country by Messrs. Newton and Bennett, Ltd., of Manchester.

To Boom the Sheffield-Simplex.

It would be well for this country and the Peerage if more members of the Upper House followed the good example of Earl Fitzwilliam, who has most pluckily and patriotically fostered and financed the automobile firm who are responsible for the production of one of England's admitted best cars—to wit, the six-cylinder Sheffield-Simplex of 25-h.p. and 45-h.p. These cars, be it noted, are built throughout at works established specially for the purpose at Tinsley, near Sheffield, where his Lordship has had the assistance and advice of Mr. Percy Richardson. So rapid has been the growth of the demand for these admirable cars that it has been found necessary to add to the existing combination in the person of Mr. Warwick Wright, to whom the popularity of a well-known imported car in this country is largely due. Mr. Warwick Wright will be more particularly concerned with the Sale Department, but the

Severe Wheel-Tests.

In my last week's notes I described, as fully and as clearly as is possible without diagrammatic assistance, the new and wonderfully simple and secure Rudge-Whitworth Detachable Wheel. Since then I have received some brief details of certain pendulum tests to which the wire-built Rudge-Whitworth Wheel was lately subjected in company with wheels of other constructions, at the Rudge-Whitworth Works on May 23. These tests took the form of a series of five blows to each type of wheel, the energy of the blows rising from 500 ft. lb. to 990 ft. lb. In the case of an American hickory-spoked wheel, weighing 47 lb., three spokes cracked at the fourth, while at the fifth, the felloe split badly, and the rim was nearly knocked off. A French hickory wheel, weighing 39 lb., was completely smashed at the fourth blow. A sheet-steel wheel, weighing 37 lb., bent at each blow, the centre being seriously buckled. After the fifth blow, the Rudge-Whitworth wire wheel, weighing 29 lb., showed a deflection of less than 1½ in., while nothing was broken. These tests were observed by several well-known motorists and Press representatives.

An Unburstable Tube.

There have been many inner tubes put upon the market with unburstable claims behind them, but few, if any, have borne out their early promise under stress of practical trial. But as it is the exception which always proves the rule, the Searle Unburstable Tube comes to the proof of the saw. This tube is a reinforced tube, but it is to the method in which the reinforcement is applied that it owes the qualities claimed for it. The reinforcement, which takes the form of an insertion of fabric, is carried the whole way round the tube on an endless band; but in order to permit of the requisite amount of expansion, it is folded down in an open U form at the top of the tube, the hollow of the U being filled with a special preparation of particularly elastic rubber. When it is necessary for the tube to expand into the shape and form of the cover, the U portion of the fabric insertion can straighten out and so permit the tube



TO TEACH THE TURKISH ARMY TO FLY: THE ENGLISH AIRMAN WHO IS ACTING AS MILITARY INSTRUCTOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Stimulated, no doubt, by the Italian aeroplane operations against her troops in Tripoli, Turkey is taking steps to adopt the new arm as part of her military equipment. A Turkish Military Aviation Commission has been formed, which includes Mahmoud Sheket Pasha, Minister for War. A monoplane has been purchased, and an instructor has been appointed. The first Turkish officer to fly is Commandant Fessa Bey.—[Photograph by Trampus.]

to enlarge its diameter without strain. The staunchness of these tubes has been proved by a severe 4000-miles trial under the auspices of the R.A.C. They are put upon the market by Messrs. Hall and Searle, Ltd., of 6, Livery Street, Birmingham.

[Continued on a later page.]



TO CONTEST HIS LATE FATHER'S CONSTITUENCY, SIR PHILIP SASSOON, UNIONIST CANDIDATE FOR HYTHE.

Sir Philip Sassoon, only son of the late Sir Edward Sassoon, Unionist M.P. for Hythe, has succeeded his father in the baronetcy, and has also been chosen as Unionist candidate in the bye-election. Sir Philip, who was born in 1888, is a Lieutenant in the Royal East Kent Yeomanry.—[Photograph by Lambert Weston.]

board, had taken shelter in the Bay of Naples because of the heavy seas outside. The horrible implication is obvious. A First Lord is never allowed to be in anything but a state of collapse when on the water, and if it chances that he is accompanied by "the P.M.," as Mr. Asquith is commonly called by his colleagues, there is naturally an orgy of illness. But let us inform the sympathetic that the rough weather did not really send the *Enchantress* into Naples. The call there had been arranged by Mr. Churchill before he left London.

SEA-SICKNESS—the sea-sickness of the mighty—is really more prevalent on paper than on shipboard. Gladstone, on his way to the Ionian Isles, was described by a companion as "lying flat on his back and being very sorry for himself." Thus it goes down in history that he was sea-sick, although his position, strictly regarded, was not altogether symptomatic, and he was known at other times to be happy enough in dirty weather. Again, it was announced, and with a suspicion of satisfaction in the Conservative papers, that the *Enchantress*, with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill on

without the permission of his Sovereign, which would never be granted in order that he and the First Lord might retire behind French poplars for mortal combat.

Marching On. The prominence given to Lord Meath's march of fourteen miles with a party of girl scouts is somewhat out of scale. Lord Meath walked, not to conquer the milestones, but to give countenance to a scouting enterprise. The question he has now to solve is whether a walk or the congratulations he receives as a walker are the more trying. He thinks there



THE LIBERAL CANDIDATE IN THE BYE-ELECTION AT HYTHE, CAPTAIN MOORHOUSE, OF FOLKESTONE.

There is a military element in the bye-election at Hythe, for both candidates are officers. Captain Moorhouse, of Folkestone, the Liberal candidate, was formerly in the 21st Lancers. He is the owner of a yacht, and favours the making of a yachting basin at Folkestone.

Photograph by Lambert Weston.



POETESS AND FOUNDER OF THE POETRY RECITAL SOCIETY: LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

Lady Margaret Sackville, who is a sister of Earl de la Warr, and daughter of the late Earl and of Constance, Countess de la Warr, is well known among devotees of poetry. Her own published works include "Poems," "A Hymn to Dionysus, and other Poems," "Hildris the Queen," "Bertrud, and other Dramatic Poems," and "Fairy-Tales for Old and Young."

Photograph by Savory.

H.M.S. "Rumour." The First Lord's yachting has not always been done on grave pretexts and in gravest company. When, two years ago, he went sailing with Baron de Forest, he went for nothing but his own and others' pleasure. Indeed, he so far succeeded in escaping the scrutiny of those who keep a record of Ministers' doings that adventures had to be invented for him by the adventurous. A slight accident that left him limping for a few days made excellent talk. By the time the news reached Pall Mall, a sprained tendon had turned to a duel; he had killed his adversary—he had scars on his body, and a corpse on his conscience. On the present trip his scope is far more limited; he hasn't even Mr. F. E. Smith to fight, and Mr. Asquith's presence puts the whole party at a disadvantage. A Prime Minister cannot, according to a convention more or less strictly observed, land in a foreign country

run races with her Ladies-in-Waiting. But the result is a foregone conclusion.

The Taboo in Country House Talk.

Mr. McKenna, a dour man, impatient of persuasion, was not confronted with prison problems at Ffynone, Sir Alfred Mond's place in Wales. Both the host and the house party have strong Suffragist sympathies, but Home Office "shop" was not a permitted topic. There was freedom of speech on everything, except on the freedom of the Plate-Glass Conspirators. And if Mr. McKenna did himself brave the subject, and show himself far more liberal than had been expected, it was because he knew that those admirable entertainers, Sir Alfred and Lady Mond, had protected him from all unwary and intrusive approaches. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, Sir Ivor Herbert, and Mr. Ellis Griffith were also at Ffynone during the recess.



MISS KITTY NELKE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO COUNT ANTON APPONYI WAS ARRANGED FOR JUNE 3.

The wedding of Count Anton Apponyi and Miss Kitty Nelke, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Nelke, was fixed to take place in town on June 3. It may be noted that Count Albert Apponyi, the Hungarian Minister of Public Education, married a sister of Count Mensdorff-Pouilly, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN HUGH CUMBERBATCH, MISS HELEN MARY OLIPHANT.

Miss Helen Mary Oliphant is the only daughter of General Sir Laurence and the Hon. Lady Oliphant, who is a daughter of the first Baron Gerard. Captain Hugh Cumberbatch, of Alexandra Princess of Wales's Own, is the only son of Mr. E. C. Cumberbatch, of Croxsted House, Farnborough.

Photograph by Lafayette.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Psychology of Chairs and Tables.

Nothing is more curious than the way in which the furniture of different periods expresses the thoughts, the manners, and the ideals of the particular time in which it was invented. Most people can remember the heavy, "serviceable," ugly tables and chairs, cabinets and cupboards of the great Victorian Age, the things which were warranted to "wear," for many of them have survived, particularly in country houses. These things were hideous, dowdy, frowsty, but they had a certain British stolidity, and, being devoid of any spiritual significance, they prepared the mind for the great wave of Materialism and Agnosticism which was destined to sweep over England. The inevitable revolt took the form of the *Æsthetic Movement*, which resulted in strange and abnormal fantasies, and such a riot of pomegranates on the walls and curtains as led back, inevitably, to the chaste austerities, the bare, white panels and spindle-legged furniture of our ancestors. There is no doubt that the taste of the upper and middle classes changes with their ideals. The rise of Democracy, the awaking of a Collective Conscience, have made folks uneasy at the spectacle of mere ostentation; while the cult of the strenuous and simple life has brought the plainest—though not un-beautiful—things into vogue, so much so that in the homes of the Intellectual it is almost impossible to find a comfortable arm-chair, a picture-frame which is not a kind of rebuke, or a cup-and-saucer which do not, as it were, point a moral and adorn a tale.

A Cause of the Great Revolution.

At Hertford House, we have a complete illustration of this theory of the psychology of furniture, and no one as yet has pointed out its profound significance so well as Mr. Lisle March Phillipps in his fascinating and profound book, "The Works of Man." From the time of Louis XV. to the Revolution, he shows, luxury and display are the dominant, the master motives. While in the reign of the Grand Monarque French furniture had still a kind of noble dignity, from the time of the fifteenth Louis the surroundings of the aristocracy were made for show, to "intimidate," as Mr. Phillipps says, "with grandeur and opulence." Though wonderful to behold, these gilt chairs and tables are of "a forced excellence." To me, they appear to have no human side, and never for a moment suggest a confidential chat between two cronies, a domestic meal shared by a married pair. It is a furniture of selfish ostentation, of arrogant display, fearsome portents of the Revolution which was shortly to come. It meant an upper class given over to idleness, frivolity, and the puerilities of Court life. To-day, at any rate, however unevenly wealth is distributed, the toys of our rich classes are not gilt coaches and the like, but complicated machines like motor-cars, air-craft, and hydroplanes, which require skill, courage, and knowledge for their effective working. Alike in England and France, the fortunate youth nowadays thinks more of mechanism, of wonderful inventions, of that accelerated speed by which we set such store, than of gewgaws and ostentation. Just as his clothes are plain and

serviceable, so are his manners and his ideals. So it is that the severe simplicity of our great eighteenth-century makers of furniture appeals to our modern notions, and is not likely to be speedily changed.

A Triumph of Invention.

Being congenitally incapable of feats of arithmetic, I have long been convinced that calculation is an over-rated accomplishment—one which any decently constructed instrument ought to be able to do for you, without wasting the precious grey matter of your brain on chronicling the cost of small beer, or even the fluctuations of stocks. Now comes the news that some ingenious Teuton has invented a Steel Thinker, which not only totals up your household accounts

or your little flutters on the Stock Exchange, but, with its "brains of steel," can perform "every operation of arithmetic." One sees no end to the possibilities of this delightful innovation. A "Steel Thinker" placed inside a well-made wax model, with some skilful kind of mechanism which would reproduce the human voice, would be a charming substitute for the ordinary dinner-party Bore. The current topics of conversation—*Titanic* witnesses, strikes, Suffragettes, hydroplanes, the German Navy, and the like—would be introduced into the machine by prudent hostesses before dinner; we should touch a button, and the Steel Thinker would do the rest. I vow it would be vastly entertaining, and would add to the gaiety of many a dinner-party which is now devastated by the demon of ennui. Indeed, there are so many excellent persons who feel themselves injured if they have to sit in a room without, as they phrase it, "passing any remarks" that such an instrument should be added to every happy English home.



WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY: THE LATEST COIFFURES FROM PARIS.

Striding Through Life.

With all her beauty, her virtue, and her charm, it cannot be said that the average Englishwoman is notable for her deportment. Especially is her method of walking one which rouses the wonder of the world, for whereas the Englishman is conspicuous in any cosmopolitan crowd precisely for his bearing and the way he plants his feet upon the ground—as who should say, "This earth is mine!"—his wife and daughters have a way of shuffling and striding, of seeming to be all elbows and hips, which takes away fifty per cent. of their attractiveness. With all the games which girls now practise and excel in, it is a wonder that they are not instructed how to walk in a graceful and dignified manner. It is well enough to take exercise, but most beautiful maidens take it as if they had put on Seven League boots. That extraordinary person, Mme. Steinheil, owed much of her social charm, it seems, to the amount of *tenue* she was taught in youth by a proud father. She was made, she declares, to go up and down a staircase twenty times in succession. "Anyone," said this astute parent, "can go downstairs without being ridiculous; but to go up a staircase, that's another matter." In England, we think ourselves above such nice shades, so our girls have the appearance of striding and elbowing their way through life.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 14.

THE MARKETS.

THE Stock Exchange breathed a sigh of relief last week when the settlement of the account was over without any serious trouble. It had been a dismal one from beginning to end; labour troubles and over-speculation in Marconis, Home Rails, and one or two departments all gave rise to considerable anxiety. The fall in prices resulted in a thorough shake-out of the weaker holders, and markets now present a much more healthy appearance; even the settlement in American Marconis is viewed with less apprehension than was the case a week or so back. The Nigerian Tin share market has been firmer during the last few days, and we hear that several properties have been disposed of in that part of the world, so we may perhaps see a little upward movement in values. The Strike seems to be weakening in face of the strong attitude of the Government, and should soon be settled, but the Port of London Authority declare that they will not take back any strikers into their permanent staff again, and if they remain firm on this point it may prolong the trouble, although it is the only way to prevent continual repetitions of the strike mania.

LOBITOS OIL FIELDS.

The report of this Company shows that 52,200 tons of oil were produced last year against 53,300 tons for 1910, and no explanation is given of this decline, but we believe it to be almost entirely due to transport difficulties, which are now being overcome, while the Report goes on to state that the production is now increasing. The Directors appear to be following a very conservative policy, and after depreciation, etc. has been allowed for, the net revenue of £3700 is added to the surplus of £19,400 brought in, and a total balance of £23,100, or about 5½ per cent. on the issued capital, is carried forward.

We expressed a liking for the shares of this Company a little while ago, when they stood several shillings higher than they do at present, and nothing has since transpired to cause us to alter our opinion: we believe the position to be sound and expect to see a recovery before long.

TANGANYIKA CONCESSIONS.

The Report of the Company was issued some days ago, and the postponed meeting was held on Friday. The most satisfactory point in the report was the saving in charges which has been effected by the use of Wankie coal, which amounts to about £11 10s. per ton of copper produced. Both the Rhodesia-Katanga and the Benguela Railway have been making good progress and are beginning to justify the faith which the Tanganyika directors have shown in them. On the other hand, however, expenses and interest charges amounted to £179,600, against a revenue of only £5200, and the deficit has had to be charged to share premium account.

At the meeting the Chairman expressed himself fully satisfied with the financial position, and also stated that smelting would commence at the Star Mine in September. It is claimed that this mine contains 320,000 tons of 15 per cent. copper ore, and 900,000 tons of low-grade ore, so, if smelting is a success, it will immensely improve the outlook. The fact that no tangible results have as yet been obtained has given rise to rumours that there are great difficulties in the way of treating the ore, and this idea, together with the uncertainty as to the financial position, were the cause of the fall in price at the end of 1911. Whilst realising that the possibilities are very great, we are still inclined to take a very cautious view, and, whatever may be the eventual results, we should not be surprised to see the shares quoted lower than 2½ in the meantime.

JAMES NELSON AND SONS.

The Report of this Argentine meat-importing Company for last year has recently been issued, and makes a most disappointing showing, as there was a loss on the trading account alone of some £37,000. The history of this Company is one of wide fluctuations in profits, and although this is the first occasion that an actual loss has been shown, profits were as low as £8000 in 1897, while in 1902, during the progress of the Boer War, they rose to £426,000, and 50 per cent. was paid in dividends. At the annual meeting, the chairman gave some interesting figures which show the magnitude of the business; if the Company had realized ½d. per lb. more on the meat that was handled last year, the loss of £37,000 would have been converted into a profit of £93,000, or more than the profit earned during 1910! Provision has been made for equalising dividends in previous years, and the directors decided to draw on the reserves to the amount of £21,000, and by adding this sum to the amount brought into the accounts, they are enabled to pay a dividend of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. In view of the exceptional difficulties encountered last year and the fluctuating nature of the business, this seems a reasonable course. Nothing is said in the Report as to the prospects for the current year, but

we understand that these are fairly satisfactory and that profits should again be normal, but the Ordinary shares at 19s. 6d. are essentially speculative.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I should say the odds are pretty well two to one on Teddy for the Presidentship," said The Broker. "And that means bully for the Yankee Market."

"Don't understand your nasty slang, but I take your meaning," The City Editor answered him. "They say that Roosevelt has got relations in the Steel Trust."

"Is that a bull point or a bear point?" inquired the Engineer. "American politics are absolutely beyond me, and I don't mind admitting it. I had a tip the other day to buy Eries, but up to the present it hasn't come off."

"They seem to have dropped the idea that the Canadian Pacific is going to take over the Erie," The City Editor remarked.

"I can't help thinking it will be revived, although I've only the conviction to go upon," said The Broker.

"Our Wall Street people are very bullish about Steel and Union," said The City Editor.

"We have to remember that there's as much glorious uncertainty in Yankee politics as there is in cricket," said The Solicitor.

"Which means that you ought to wait for a flat day before buying Yankees," The Broker concluded. "It's high time that market woke up."

"Not much chance of that in the summer-time, eh?"

"That's an observation which applies to all our markets," replied The Broker. "Seems to me that the Stock Exchange has started its summer already."

"Things are awfully quiet, aren't they?" The Jobber agreed. "A broker told me yesterday to buy myself Rio Trams if the price rises another five points."

"That's a quaint tip," The Engineer commented.

"Well, I think his idea was that there's something up, and that the first sign of its materialising would be a rise of five. If the price doesn't move much, that would show that the expected had failed to happen."

"So to buy the shares on a jump would be safer than to take an interest now?"

"That's the idea; I think there's some scheme for raising the dividend pretty substantially. The Company pays five per cent., and could put the rate up to ten per cent. without feeling it."

"Rather a giddy spec. to buy Rio Trams at this price," said The Broker cautiously.

"It would be if the concern were not going ahead so fast. Still, I only tell you for what it may be worth."

"South America's the continent where money is being made now," The Engineer agreed. "It's far better to have a go at some of those things than to buy Home Rails. At least, that's my humble opinion."

"Wish we could see a Kaffir boom," sighed the Jobber. "The market has been suffering for no fault of its own—"

He stopped to see how the others would take this sweeping assertion; then went on hurriedly—

"They say we are going to have a Kaffir boom in the autumn."

"Some fools would say anything," was the only encouragement he got. "Rand Mines may go up a sixteenth, and Modders an eighth, after an enormous amount of shouting, and the number of shares that change hands is perhaps a couple of hundred of each!"

"True, for you, Brokie. There's not a hap'orth of business in the market; that's a fact. Better—"

"I did," said The Engineer. "You mean buy Russians, I suppose?"

"Good guess," The Jobber laughed. "What did you pick out?"

"Kyshtims at 3¼. Gave too much for them at the time—at least, my broker did—"

"It was a jolly good bargain, and the jobber paid the same price to get them back!"

There was a general laugh at the well-known formula.

"Never mind; I forgive you," The Engineer continued. "One of these fine days I expect to be rung up with the news that Kyshtims have just jumped up five shillings, and are as good as gold."

"When you should immediately sell your fifty and another fifty to keep them company," was the advice of The City Editor.

"Maybe. But I fancy Kyshtims will go well over four, and my present intention is to keep them for that."

"Haven't those British Broken Hills had a rise!" said The Merchant. "That was a good tip in—"

"Can't say I ever see the paper," was the untruthful observation, in reply. "Wish somebody would tell me what to do in Anglo-Continental."

"Don't we wish we all knew!" cried The Jobber. "Plenty of scope for talent there, if you only knew which side of the hedge to keep on. Strikes me everyone is afraid to touch the things, now."

"That's a cert.," said The Broker. "The shares look tempting, and most of the news that one gets is favourable, but I'm not the

[Continued on page 290.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Toilet of the Air.

So many women are flying nowadays that costumes for them are occupying the minds of practical up-to-date costumiers. We all remember what we had to go through before the present pretty and becoming types of motor costume were evolved from those that made the wearers look like fearsome early Britons—the first clothes for "no pushee, no pullee, yet go like—!" to use the Chinese description of motoring. Flying dress has begun better; the sweet little cherubines that go aloft look more like gnomes in their soft leather jackets and knickers, close-fitting caps, and goggles. In time to come they will perhaps look more like fairies. The typical angelic costume will not do for earthly high fliers. The chief difficulty of the two fliers whom I know is rather a prosaic one. They want water-bottles to keep their feet warm. The riding-habit was evolved by man, who never rode and never will ride in such a position as that on a side-saddle; and flying clothes also are made by those who have never flown. Experience in flying is brought to the aid of the designer by the flier, and so it comes about that at last a practical dress is made. Later, flier and dress-maker combine to get things pretty as well as practical. Many a girl will fly before she dies, and therefore the evolution of aviation fashions is of interest to us all.

Fine Silk and Merrie England.

We are all patriotic, but a smart woman may be excused if she has sometimes put pride before patriotism. Time was when the selection of a silk frock of home manufacture meant the practice of self-sacrifice—awfully hard for a woman in whom is the instinct to make the best of herself. Now it is not so, as will be abundantly proved this week at the British Silk Exhibition, which Princess Christian opens on Derby Day, June 5, at Prince's Club, Knightsbridge. It will show the great advancement in the production of home-made silk fabrics. It will justify the Queen's warm support of them; the Exhibition is under her Majesty's patronage, and it is her intention to visit it. Court gowns, dresses for all occasions, and the evolution of silk from its raw state will be seen. The exhibition will be open until June 19, and all the chief silk-manufacturers in the country will exhibit.

The Cackle and the 'Osses.

Next week is Richmond Royal Horse Show; and the week after, the International Horse Show. We are now all talking horses; most of us know someone who is exhibiting, or someone who is riding or driving. Whatever we may say as to the utility of motor-cars, it is horses that we like best to see. An English girl never looks better than driving a smart pair, a neat, showy cob, or a tandem; seldom is she seen to such advantage as when riding a well-bred hack. The horses show off the women, and the women the horses, and so our sex loves them no less than the other—and British men are inherent horse-lovers. A number of well-known Americans are coming over on purpose for the International Show. Mr. and Mrs. Gould intend to spend part

of the season with their son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Decies, in London. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel jun. are here. Mrs. Drexel was, it will be remembered, Miss Gould. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt will be here for the Horse Show and Ascot. There are quite as many Americans as usual arrived and arriving for this season. They are all intent on horse-racing, polo, horse shows—one wonders if the noble animal is coming quite to his own, as the fashion for beauty and sport.

A WOMEN'S CARLTON: THE NEW EMPRESS CLUB.

IN this age of comfort and luxury no institution has established itself more firmly in our national life than that of ladies' clubs. An instance of their popularity is to be found in the New Empress Club, which, as now controlled,

being conducted practically as a members' club, is proving a very great success. Already the membership numbers nearly fourteen hundred. The club's palatial premises, which cost over £100,000, are among the finest of any ladies' club buildings in town. They cover upwards of a quarter of an acre, the site extending right through from Dover Street to Berkeley Street, Piccadilly.

The club is making a special feature of its catering, and the two large dining-rooms are filled both at lunch and dinner with many of the best-known people in town. In the *à la carte* room members can order (at very reasonable prices) a luncheon or dinner equal to that at many of the finest hotels or restaurants, and this has proved a great boon to members wishing to entertain

friends. The service and cooking are on the lines of the best French restaurants, the kitchen being under the control of M. Julien, formerly chef at Claridge's and the Maison Doré, Paris.

Notable features of the club are the number of bedrooms (over ninety), which can be engaged for any period from one night to a month; and the suite of rooms with a separate entrance on the Berkeley Street side, which may be reserved for private receptions or "At-Homes." There are luxurious drawing, writing, smoking, and rest rooms reserved for members. The orchestra plays daily both afternoon and evening, in the Blue Room, which overlooks the grounds of Devonshire House. Tea is served here to members and their friends, and on the same floor is a card-room.

It is understood that an entrance-fee will shortly be imposed, so that any ladies wishing to join would be wise to do so before this is in force. All information can be obtained from the Secretary, New Empress Club, 35, Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.

In our issue of May 29, it will be remembered, we reproduced five pencil-portraits by Mr. Percival Anderson, of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Viscountess Ingestre, Lady Hood,

and the Earl of Ancaster. Mr. Anderson has had many other distinguished sitters, including Princess Charlotte of Russia, and his work has lately attracted much interest. An exhibition of his drawings opened on May 28 at the Walker Galleries, in Bond Street. Hitherto he has usually exhibited in Paris, where he studied under Jean Paul Laurens and other modern masters. Previously he studied for four years at the Frazer Art College in Arbroath, having won the Allan Frazer Scholarship at eighteen.



A PALACE OF LUXURY IN WOMAN'S CLUBLAND: THE VESTIBULE OF THE NEW EMPRESS CLUB.

(See Article on this page.)



WHERE WOMAN EMULATES THE ART OF THE BON VIVANT: THE *À LA CARTE* DINING-ROOM OF THE NEW EMPRESS CLUB.

Continued from page 288.]

only broker, by long chalks, who tells clients to leave such dangerous stuff alone, when his advice is asked."

"Spoilt that Tin Market altogether," said The City Editor.

"For the summer time; yes. But it will buck up again in the dim and distant," The Engineer considered.

"Funny how spotty that Oil Market is," remarked The Merchant. "There seem to be about six things fairly active, and all the dozens of others barely budge."

"If the difficulty of establishing oil stations could be overcome," said The Solicitor—"and of course it will be one day—the oil industry would go ahead by leaps and bounds."

"Oil stations?"

"You see, ships are not going to adopt oil-fuel if they can't pick up oil in the same way as they get coal at the present time. There are coaling-stations everywhere, but the storage of oil in bulk has not been catered for, so to speak."

"In time, though—"

"Yes, rather. And every day, almost, demonstrates the advantage, in one way or another, of oil over coal for fuel."

"We sha'n't have enough oil to go round soon," The Engineer chaffed him.

"You can laugh, but perhaps you're much nearer the truth than you suspect," The Solicitor told him. "With a comparatively small increase in the demand, there won't be enough oil to go round. The price of oil must go up as the consumption increases, and the producing companies will make—"

"Where are you off to?"

"I'm going to buy a gallon of petrol," said The Jobber solemnly. "It's the only thing to do. If there's to be all this rush for oil, I mayn't be able to get any this afternoon. So sorry I can't stay. Shall I buy you any if there's a spare gallon left in the garage?"

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Mexican Government is said to have placed the recently authorised $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan of 10,000,000 dols. with Messrs. Speyer and Company, of New York, and Messrs. Speyer Brothers, of London.

Unless the unforeseen happens or revolutionary complications, we may expect a public issue at no distant date. The interesting point will be the issue price, at which we cannot even yet guess.

Rumour has again been busy with the P. and O. position, so much so that figures are even mentioned and the names of the

parties endeavouring to obtain control. Official denials notwithstanding, we believe that there is something in the air.

Saturday, June 1, 1912.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules; their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DINGO.—Rather than keep you waiting over the holidays, we wrote you a private letter, which we hope you received.

V. C. D.—Your Kaffir list is a good one. No. 6 has been very disappointing, but we think may yet turn out well. Add Wolhuter, New Primrose, and Knights to your own choices. "Q" will not answer questions in this column, but we think the Brewery stock might prove a good speculation if only the Temperance people don't get further legislation. We do not like Brewery shares, and have never recommended them. The Mortgage Company is steadily improving its position.

PERPLEXED.—Possibly Peru Preference is as good as anything, but we think Arauco Ordinary, Guayaquil 5 per cent. Bonds, and Mexican North-Western Railway Common stock should suit you. Spread over all three, and lock up what you buy for twelve months.

LEE.—Thank you for your letter of May 28.

A. C. K.—It is probably a swindle.

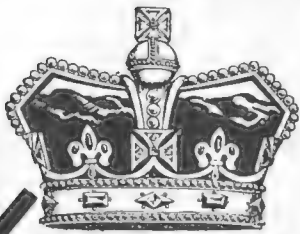
EPPS.—All our inquiries have been fruitless. We can find nobody who has ever heard of, much less dealt in, the shares of the Company you name.

CUBAN PORTS.—We think it is not a bad mining speculation at the present price.

*"The best that ever
came over the border."*



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The Sovereign Whisky of the Age.

It has the characteristic mellowness which age alone can give, and has won a reputation for flavour and exclusiveness wherever introduced.

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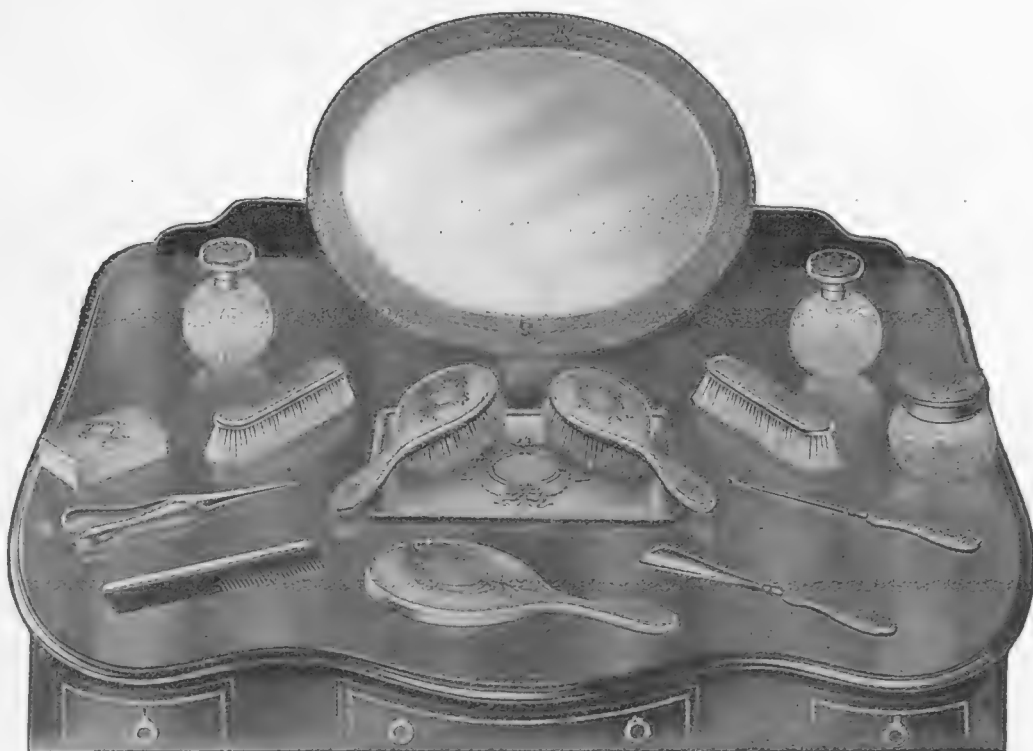
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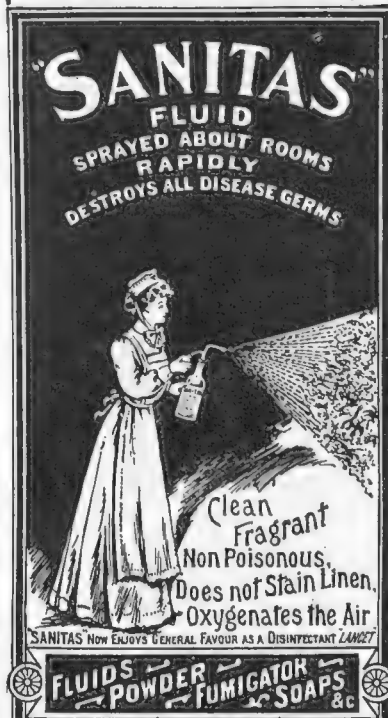
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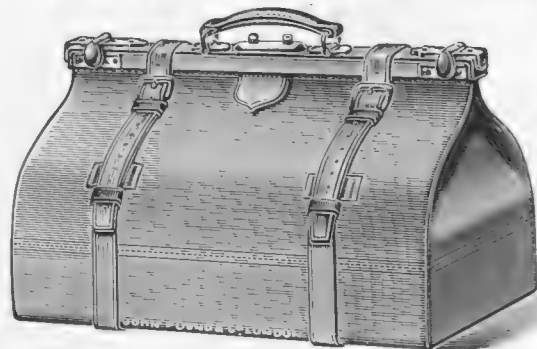
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THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO., LTD., MOTOR DEPARTMENT, SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM.



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Thousands of Testimonials have been and are continually being received. Copies of a few are appended.

"Cyclax" Skin Food (price 4/- or 7/6)

This unique preparation possesses marvellous properties. The skin absorbs it as a plant will absorb water; it feeds the tissues, and plumps them up; it cleanses the pores of all impurities, and it whitens the skin, while it builds up the flesh so that lines and wrinkles disappear, hollows cease to exist, and unnatural depressions regain their proper form.

"When I use your Skin Food my friends notice the change for the better. Never had anything half so good for the skin."

"The difference in my Skin and Complexion is wonderful in so short a time."

"Cyclax" Special Lotion (price 5/6 or 10/6)

This Lotion is one of the keystones of the "Cyclax" Treatment. It absolutely removes acne, eczema, roughness, redness, blackheads, and all acidity of and in the skin. It renders every pore free from all impurities, and the skin becomes beautifully transparent and of a most delicate whiteness. It can be confidently asserted that the results obtained by the use of this splendid Lotion are perfectly astounding.

"I have been using your Special Lotion and am pleased to find the acne is much better. My skin has much improved and all the ugly spots are gone."

"My face is quite free, now, from pimples and Blackheads."

"A most excellent preparation." . . . "Produces immediate and remarkable results."

"Cyclax" Complexion Milk (price 4/- or 7/6)

This Preparation renders the skin most beautifully smooth. It eradicates lines, and closes up open pores. It prevents the muscles and skin from becoming relaxed, and forms a very important element in the "Cyclax" Treatment, inasmuch as it assists in producing that wonderful whiteness of the skin which can only be attained by its employment.

"You advised me to try it with a view to eradicating wrinkles. The lines under and at the corners of my eyes have practically disappeared, and those on the forehead are less visible."

"Cyclax" Transforming Lotion (price 3/6 or 6/6)

This Lotion imparts to the skin a beautiful transparent whiteness. It is a protective agent against all changes of temperature and the effects of exposure of all kinds. It prevents the dust from settling into the pores, and it imparts a perfect surface and appearance, and it also renders the skin soft and firm.

"I am delighted with the change already in my skin. Am highly pleased with it."

"Your Transforming Lotion is excellent."

"Cyclax" Sunburn and Salusta Lotions (Blended) (price 4/6 or 8/6)

These form quite a new and original Lotion, especially designed as a sedative and cooling agent, and it also acts as a perfect protection against the extremes of heat and cold. It will keep the skin in perfect health, and can be used in the daytime. It is most soothing, and gives the skin a most beautiful surface.

"The Lotion I found most successful was the blend of Sunburn and Salusta. I like it so much. It is most excellent for cooling the face when hot and flushed."

"In the heat of Tropical Africa it is a Godsend, and keeps sunburn and insects absolutely at bay."

"Cyclax" Chin Strap (price 6/6)

AND

"Cyclax" Throat Lotion (price 7/6)

A most perfect device, which is quite simple and inexpensive. It lifts up those muscles which are active in restoring the contour of the Face; and, used in conjunction with "CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION, it removes all flabbiness of flesh under the chin, cures relaxed muscles and takes away all lines.

"The Chin Strap answers exceedingly well, and is most comfortable to wear. The improvement is wonderful."

"I have applied Throat Lotion morning and evening, and everyone is noticing the good result. The flabbiness is quite gone and a good deal of the superfluous fat as well."

* * * * *

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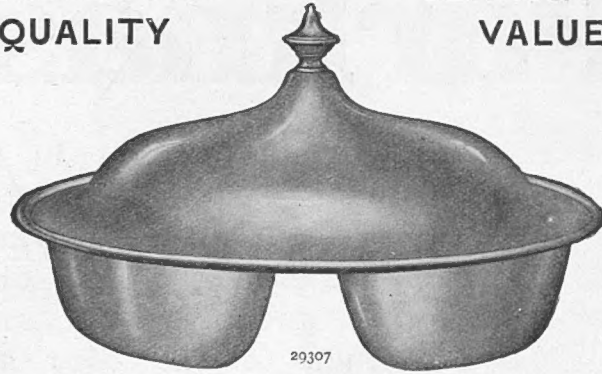
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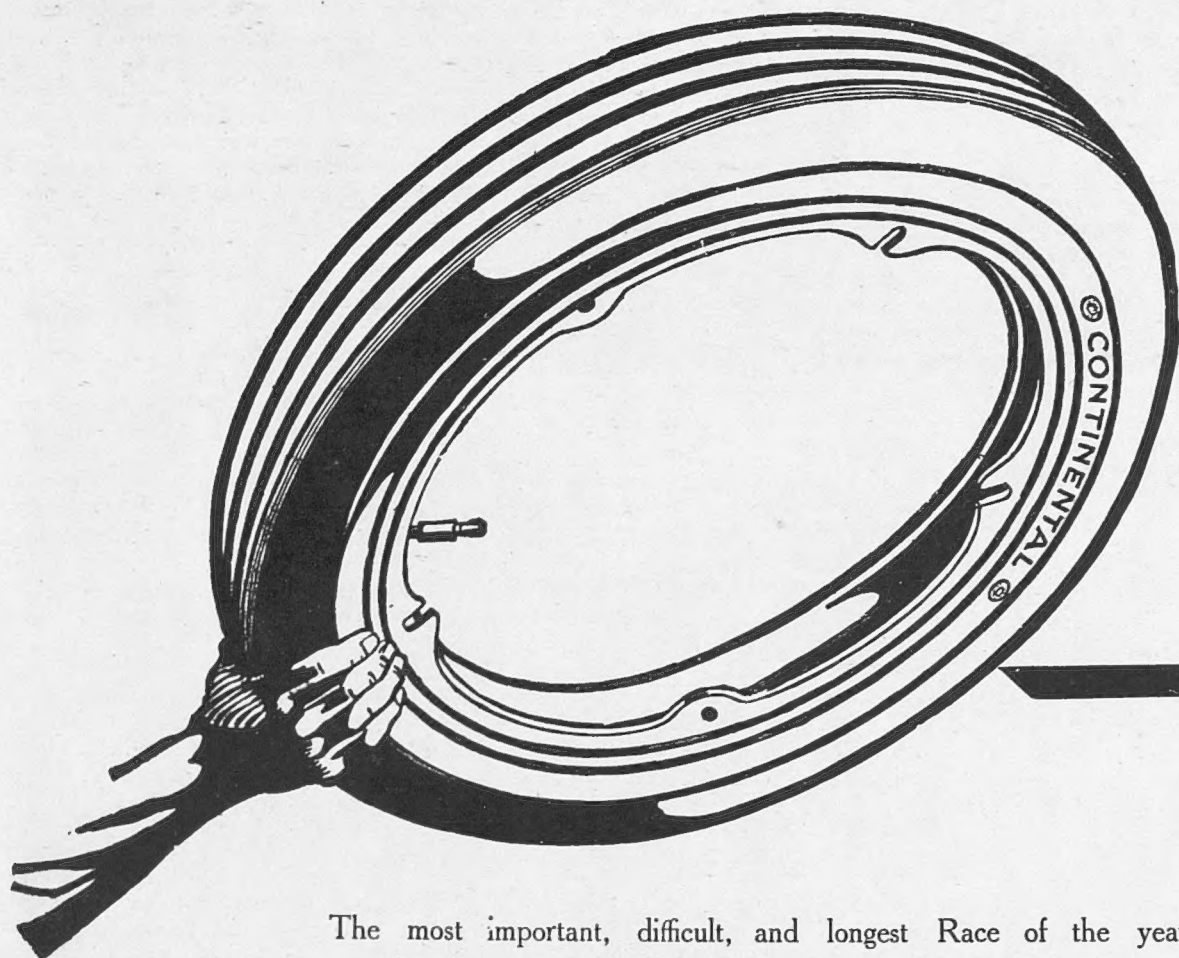
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9th.—“Isotta” Car, 11th.—“Sigma” Car,
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The First Aerial Derby.

On Saturday next, any who care to betake themselves out of London to a radius of some six or seven miles may enjoy an exhibition of flying on the cheap. Saturday will be the occasion of the first Aerial Derby, which will start from Hendon and make a circuit of London, via Kempton Park, Sandown Park, Russell Hill, Purley, Purfleet, Epping, and by High Barnet back to Hendon. The race is for a hundred-guinea trophy presented by the *Daily Mail*, and cash prizes of £250, £100, and £50, most generously offered by Mr. Harold Barlow, a New Zealander at present sojourning in our midst, and who is clearly very keen on aviation. The contest is to take the form of a scratch race—that is to say, all the competitors will start together—the first three in to win. So spectators at any part of the course will be able to realise the state of the contest as it passes over them. The start will be given at 4.15 p.m., weather permitting, of course.

The Coming Grand Prix.

Shorn of anything like real motor-racing as we are in this country by opposition of the trade and the supineness of the clubs, the attention of all who are interested in the fine sport of road-racing is now being centred on the Grand Prix, which will be decided over the Dieppe Circuit on the 25th and 26th of the present month. It is at least gratifying in some wise to find that there is something like a representative British entry, the home team consisting of four Sunbeams, two Singers, three Vauxhalls, three Arrol-Johnstons, and three Calthorpes. The course starts from a point just outside Dieppe, and runs along a road skirting the coast as far as Eu, where it turns due south. Later on it turns to the north-west, and eventually regains the starting-point. The course is exactly seventy-eight kilometres (48½ miles) in circuit, and as there are likely to be over forty starters, who cannot be got off at less than a minute interval, "the squadron will be treading on its own heels before all are away."

Motors Dominant at Royal Ascot.

Nothing could better illustrate the wonderful progress of automobilism than the arrangements made in connection with the comfort and convenience of those who will attend the Royal Meeting by motor-car.

All the various motor-car enclosures have been secured by the Royal Automobile Club, for in addition to the accommodation provided last year, there are three additional enclosures on the historic Heath itself. This will be the first occasion in the history of this famous meeting that horseless carriages have been admitted within the course, hitherto most jealously conserved to the equipages hauled by the noble animal in whose honour the meeting is held. In order to avoid the traffic-congestion which has obtained in the past on the approaches to the course, the R.A.C. will introduce and employ a system of coloured discs to be attached to the lamps, and by which the police will be able to recognise the Club's ticket-holders and pass them to their positions without delay.

Absurd and Harmful Restrictions on Petrol-Storage.

A cessation or breakdown of the riverside strike will relieve London from the great inconveniences that must to-day follow a petrol famine. In the event of a continued strike, and all the private and public vehicles which are now propelled by internal-combustion engines being brought to a standstill, the catastrophe—for a catastrophe it most undoubtedly would be—would lie at the door of the authorities who persist in the retention of their absurd restrictions as to the storage of petrol in bulk. At the present moment it can only be moved from these main receiving-depots by barge, and a strike of the lightermen or the dock hands at once holds up its delivery. As it is, the consumption of motor-spirit is so large in London to-day that all the users carry on with a very small margin, owing to the non-existence of any large stock in or near London. The importers have agitated again and again for the relaxation of the present absurd restrictions, and it is now only the combined outcry of the users that is likely to have any effect.

Apropos of M. Escoffier's new recipe for "fraises Sarah Bernhardt," we gave in our last issue a number of small portraits of the great actress in an ornamental border of strawberry design to a page illustrating two "freak feasts." These portraits, which were fourteen in number and all alike, we should have mentioned, were reproduced from a photograph of Madame Sarah Bernhardt by the Dover Street Studios.



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